

The Bethel News.

VOLUME VIII.—NUMBER 13.

BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1902.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

A Money Saving Clearance Sale!

A dollar saved is as good as a dollar earned. The old saying is a good one and if you believe it you will want to see our harvest of bargains in Summer Goods. We make these money saving prices to help clear our counters of Summer Goods, to make room for Winter ones. We cannot do business by saying one thing and doing another. Everything just as advertised. One price and that the lowest.

WRAPPERS.

Price the powerful attraction here. JOB LOT OF WRAPPERS, good quality print, waist lined, front braid trimmed, good colors, light or dark. Only 49 Cents

LIGHT WRAPPERS and House Dresses, this summer's style. The Domestic, \$1.00 grade.

Now 79 Cents

THE FAVORITE PERCALE WRAPPER. A good fitting wrapper, well made, good style. Bargain at former price, \$1.25.

Sale Price, 98 Cents

Popular Waist Fabrics, Very summery and dainty.

WHITE BATISTE covered with dainty little flowers. DOTTED MUSLINS, flowered, and plain colors. SWISS SILK with dainty little chain stripe, and flowered. Former price, 12 1/2 and 15 cents.

Now 10 Cents

MERCERIZED LACE MUSLIN, prettiest thing of the season, in black, white and colors. Regular price, 25 cents.

Sale Price, 15 Cents

PLAIN SILK GINGHAM at one-half price.

Now 25 Cent

SHIRT WAISTS.

BEST GINGHAM WAISTS, in good styles and colors, well made. Regular price, 75 cents.

Now 49 1/2 Cents

MERCERIZED GINGHAM WAISTS, good colors, made full front, plain back, very pretty. Regular price \$1.00.

Now 69 Cents

White Most Popular.

WHITE LAWN WAISTS, embroidered, hemstitched, and tucked. Very pretty waists. Former price, \$1.25.

Sale Price, 98 Cents

SHORT SLEEVED WAISTS, fancy embroidered front, lace trimmed sleeve. Regular price, \$1.98.

Now \$1.50

SUIT DEPARTMENT.

All suits at half price. LINEN AND PIQUE WASH SKIRTS. Regular price, \$2.00 and \$2.50.

Now \$1.50

THOMAS SMILEY,
Norway, Maine.

Eastern Telephone Connection.

A Fresh Lot Opened Today



Wmthrop M Baker
BOSTON CHOCOLATES
AT
L. C. HALL'S,
BETHEL, MAINE.

Farm for Sale.

The Atherton place on Sunday river, in Newry. For terms enquire on the premises.

C. D. ATHERTON.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
Charles H. Fletcher

THE NEWS ABOUT TOWN

ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED UP BY THE NEWS MAN.

Harry E. Mason was in town last week.

Miss Minnie Capen is visiting in Portland.

Charles Ayres Mason has gone to Portland for a few days.

Franklin A. Leach has returned to his work in Phenix, R. I.

Cleveland Bartlett spent Sunday at his home in East Bethel.

Archer Grover returned home, Monday, for a short vacation.

Mr. Robert Chapman of Portland is spending a few days in town.

Mrs. G. R. Wiley has been visiting in Portland for the past few days.

H. E. Dingley of Groton, Conn. visited his sister, Mrs. E. C. Bowler, last week.

Mr. Greenleaf of Portland is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Mason on Main St.

Miss Taft who is on the editorial board of the New York Times, is a guest at Prospect Inn.

Mrs. Palmer of Brunswick is visiting her daughter, Mrs. G. L. Sturdivant, for a short time.

Mrs. Clarence York has been spending a short time with friends in Bethel.

Judge and Mrs. Foster and son Robert are spending the week in Bethel and vicinity.

Mrs. A. M. Eveleth of Auburn is spending a few days as the guest of Mrs. O. M. Mason.

H. C. Rowe attended the opening of the park on the electric road between Gorham and Berlin, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Lovejoy, formerly of Bethel, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

Mrs. Will Bean will go to Washington, D. C., in a short time, where her husband is fitting up a home for them.

Mr. A. H. Bartlett of So. Framingham, Mass., who is spending his vacation with his parents at East Bethel, was in the village yesterday.

Mr. F. H. Noyes, wife and daughter of Norway, were in Bethel last Thursday, on their way to Andover, where they were to take a short outing.

Miss Rose Kimball went to Saco the first of the week. She was accompanied by Miss Hester who will visit their sister, Mrs. R. C. Clark, a week or two.

Congressman Littlefield will address the citizens of Bethel and vicinity in Odeon Hall this evening. Of course you will be there and learn of the important issues of the day.

The almost daily coaching parties from Prospect Inn, add a touch of picturesqueness to our beautiful quiet streets. Mr. Lord handles six horses with apparent ease and skill and all must feel safe with him in the driver's box.

Mrs. Chas. A. Dolliver of Lewistown visited Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Bowler over Sunday. She was accompanied upon her return home by Miss Jennie Clark of Razorville who has been spending the past two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Bowler.

We wish to remind all the good people of Bethel that it is only three weeks now before the annual Bethel Fair and the hall committee is eager to make the exhibition in the hall more of a success than it has ever been, and in order to do this, we must all do something to help. The prospect is now that the display of fruit and vegetables cannot be very good, but let us make it up in an extra display of fancy work, curiosities, anything that will interest the people. Said committee also wishes us to say that the hall is to be put in shape, and showcases provided for the better display and greater protection of all nice work or articles brought in. Let us one and all vie with each other in bringing the most and doing the most to make this part of the fair a success.

Miss Ethel Richardson is visiting in Norway.

Schools throughout the town will open Monday, Sept. 1.

Mrs. Frye of Falmouth, spent Sunday with Miss Buxton.

Mrs. Davis, widow of the late Dr. Davis, is visiting in town.

Mrs. Lillian Chase went to Lewiston, Sunday, for a short visit.

The Universalists hold a grove meeting at Bryant Pond, to-day.

Miss Alice Mason of Berlin spent Sunday with Mrs. O. M. Mason.

The Ladies' Club will meet in Garland chapel Thursday afternoon.

Gilman Chapman is enjoying a vacation from his duties at G. P. Bean's store.

Mrs. Alice French Peabody of Haverhill, Mass., is visiting Mrs. T. H. Durrell.

Miss Ethel Stone of Portland, was the guest of Miss A. M. Robertson, one day last week.

Miss Flossie Hastings of Auburn, is spending the week with her cousin, Miss Edith Hastings.

President Roosevelt will be in Lewiston next Tuesday afternoon, and speaks for fifteen minutes on the Park.

The W. C. T. U. met with Mrs. Billings, Tuesday afternoon. The next meeting will be held with Mrs. Mason, Sept. 2.

Henry O. Archibald, foreman of the News office, is taking a two weeks' vacation in eastern Maine and Massachusetts.

Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Helen Briggs and son Burton are spending a week at the home of Mr. John Richardson, Gilead.

Mr. and Mrs. Insley Young of East Bethel are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a little son at their home Aug. 16.

Mrs. Geo. Hersey and daughter Mabel who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Hanscom, have returned to their home in Auburn.

Mr. Herbert Gehring who has been spending some weeks in town, went away Monday, preparatory to entering Cornell University.

Miss Grace Dixon of Augusta is spending her vacation with her sister, Miss Daisy Dixon, at the home of their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Barker.

Through the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Billings, the members of Brown Post and Relief Corps will enjoy a picnic at Songo Pond, to-morrow.

Mr. Davenport who is constantly beautifying the Myer premises by adding a touch here and there, is now paving the water course with cobblestones.

There will be a baptism and reception of members at the Methodist church next Sabbath. The annual offering for church aid will be taken at the morning service.

The automobile of Judge Foster and son is causing considerable excitement among the more nervous of our equines, but we have heard of no very serious mishaps resulting.

Hotel Arrivals.

Arrivals at Prospect Inn for the week ending, Aug. 17:

L. F. McGrath, Cleveland, Ohio.

Wm. O. Leavitt, wife and daughter, Norway.

Mrs. Henry H. Hills, Davenport, Iowa.

Miss Harriet M. Dickman, Malden, Mass.

Miss Parker, New Haven, Conn.

W. S. Polhemus and wife, Fort Worth, Texas.

Mrs. V. T. Earle, New York.

Miss King, New York.

Mrs. J. G. Timolat, New York.

J. G. Timolat, Jr., New York.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Webber, Boston.

H. H. Bryant, Waterville.

Lee B. Hunt, wife and daughter, Gray.

W. W. Winton, Gray.

Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Schada, Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Van Den Kerckhoven, Bethel.

E. P. Rich, Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Case, New York.

A. Hapgood and wife, Cambridge, Mass.

C. A. Wyman, wife and daughter, West Newton, Mass.

E. W. Vinal and wife, Boston.

E. J. Vinal, Boston.

Thomas Stoddard, Boston.

L. T. Stoddard, Boston.

Congregational Church Fair.

Aug. 14, dawned bright and clear and was a real inspiration after the days of clouds, and early in the morning the ladies of the Congregational society were busy preparing for the Annual Fair which had been appointed for this date.

The chapel was soon converted into an attractive bazaar. Upon one side were placed tables upon which was found aprons, from the real dress-up hemstitched to the good old-fashioned gingham worn by our grandmothers, who knew more about the use of things than of art. Another table contained bags of all kinds and descriptions.

At the end of the chapel ice cream and cake were served, and the table where home-made candies were sold proved one of the great attractions. In one corner stood the picture table where a generous donation of views from the studio of our photographer, E. C. Vandekerckhoven, was to be found. The views were mostly landscape souvenirs of Bethel and vicinity and were much admired. Mr. Will Valentine, a former Bethel boy, now in Philadelphia, never forgets his home-church and this year his pictures were in sepia and water colors. The young ladies' table was well filled with the smaller articles, dainty embroidered collars, with useful and ornamental articles. In the center of the room three tables containing the daintiest art needle work were found and well patronized. At six o'clock the supper committee announced supper and more than one hundred and twenty-five partook of the tempting viands.

At eight o'clock the chapel had undergone another transformation and a large audience was ready for the program of entertainment which had been prepared under the management of Mrs. Dr. J. G. Gehring. The first number was a piano solo by Mrs. Dr. G. L. Sturdivant, our accomplished pianist, who was also the accompanist of the evening. Several very humorous character sketches were given by Misses Twaddle and Richardson, Messrs. Farnsworth and Merrill and the Misses Carlson and Douglass. Evidently the stage does not claim all of the clever actors. Mrs. Clarence York of Augusta, formerly of Bethel, was the vocal soloist of the evening and her sweet, rich, contralto voice was heard at its very best. The hearty applause and the generous response was a proof of the sympathy between artist and audience and was a very flattering recognition of the appreciation of the music-loving people.

Miss Grace Chapman gave the "Vassar Girl" in a pleasing manner that convinced her audience that her choice of study of elocution will meet with flattering results.

Mrs. Hettinger of Belmont assisted by Mr. Geo. Farnsworth, gave a most amusing character sketch and proved her to be a most charming impersonator.

The fair of 1902 was a success in every way, and many thanks are due from the ladies to all who so kindly contributed to its success, and to the summer guests who gave such generous patronage.

The sum of \$187 was added to the treasury.

C.

Mrs. Charles Kenney of Portland arrived Saturday at the home of her father, St. John Hastings.

Mrs. Lucinda Clark of Bethel, received a telegram, last evening, announcing the death of Miss Alice Perkins at the home of her parents in Skowhegan. No particulars are yet known.

Fire Works at Locke Mt. House.

There will be a fine display of fireworks at Locke Mt. House on the evening of Thursday, Aug. 21. Should it prove stormy, the first following pleasant evening. The display this year will be more elaborate than usual and well worth driving out to see by any of our Bethel friends.

Very truly yours,

DR. W. H. RIDER.

BUSINESS POINTERS.

Business Readers will be published in this column at eight cents per line, reckoning six words to the line.

Don't let your horses and cattle suffer from flies when the Eureka Fly Killer, inexpensive as it is and with as little labor will keep them off. For sale by W. E. Abbott.

The Electric Sprayer and the Eureka Fly Killer make a combination that flies cannot resist for a minute. W. E. Abbott has them.

The Mt. Glines Mining Co.

The Mt. Glines Gold & Silver Mining Co. has organized, as stated in these columns recently, and issued its first prospectus. The capital stock is placed at \$300,000, which, as formerly stated, will be used to develop the property. The shares are \$1.00 each, full paid and non-assessable.

The following officers have been elected:

Pres.—Dr. J. Abbott Nile.

Treas.—Ralph T. Parker.

Clerk.—A. E. Morrison.

Directors.—J. Abbott Nile, Ralph T. Parker, Stanley Bisbee, A. E. Morrison, W. N. McCallis.

The mines are located in Milton Plantation, about seven miles from Rumford Falls. The topography of the region resembles many of the western mining sections and embraces some of the most rugged hills of Oxford county. This company controls some 300 acres of mining lands covering this low range of mountains. On this range within a course east and west of less than one mile, is a group of six veins running parallel, with an out-crop of one-half mile each. These quartz veins are rich in gold, silver and lead, and vary from two to eight feet in width averaging about five feet.

The elevation of these properties is about 1800 feet above sea level. The surroundings are such that these mines can be operated on the most economical basis. The conditions of water, power and fuel, immense amount of ore within a small radius, and the fact of the vein running up the side of the mountain will make it possible to treat the ore at a very low cost.

The company intends to build a plant that will handle 200 tons of ore per day, running 24 hours. It will be located at the foot of the mountain about midway between the six veins so that the ore can be brought to the mill by a cable and bucket system by gravity at a cost of about two cents per ton after it is mined. The plant will include powerful machinery for crushing the ore to a powder, whence it will go to a concentrating table where all metallic substances are eliminated from the vein rock. With the above advantages it is expected that the cost of mining, crushing, and concentrating will not exceed \$2.00 per ton.

The last assay this company had amounted to \$14.85 per ton for ore taken from this property. If this group of veins were in some western State they would probably be considered gilt edged property at \$5,000,000.

Card of Thanks.

We desire to express our sincere thanks to the friends who so kindly assisted us in our recent bereavement, to those who brought flowers, and those who sang at the funeral services. May they receive like assistance and comfort when trouble comes to them, as it must to all.

J. C. Bean,
Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Linnell,
Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Bean,
Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Bonnett,
Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Littlehale.

Letter to F. H. Young.

Bethel, Me.

Dear Sir: The late President of the Croton River Bank, at Brewsters, N. Y., built the finest house in all that region, in 1884, and painted it with lead and oil at a cost of \$400—the house cost \$21,000.

In 1887—three years—he repainted it with Devco at a cost of \$350. In 1897 this paint was in good condition.

Lead and oil, \$400, three years. Devco \$350, ten years.

Yours truly,
F. W. Devco & Co.

G. R. Wiley sells our paint.

Engagement Rings AND Wedding Rings.

The stock of Rings I carry is large and varied enough to suit every purse and every taste.

Diamonds, Opals, Emeralds, Pearls, Amethysts, Garnets, Etc., Etc.

Plain Tiffany, Oval and Engraved Rings. Give me a call.

Edward King,

BETHEL, ME.

E. C. Vandekerckhoven

ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHER.

Developing and Printing for Amateurs.

First-class Work Guaranteed. VIEWS FOR SALE.

BETHEL, MAINE.

Still the Fall Stock Swells—WHILE Prices Shrink.

Here is where the most pleasant dreams of truly economical people are realized—right in our Carpet Stock.

Besides all the new things advertised last, we offer for consideration the following:

10 Patterns Linoleums

In checks, blocks, squares, floral and scroll patterns; the grade that has commonly sold at 75 to 80c now offered at 60c

12 Patterns Oilcloths

In four grades from 25c up to 50c. We have these in all widths. Floors cut to match.

25 Rolls Straw Mattings

15, 20 and 25cots. Splendid medium qualities these. Cotton and Wool Carpets, 35c.

Low-priced Art Squares from \$2.50 each up

Prairie Rugs,

6 feet by 8 feet, fringed, \$1.50. These are some of the regular stock goods we ask you to come and look at, or relying on our word for it, send mail orders.

WE PAY FREIGHT.

Bradford,

Conant & Company,

199-203 Lisbon Street, LEWISTON, MAINE.

MILK

A. Van Den Kerckhoven

Wishes to announce that he will sell and deliver MILK at 4 cents per quart during the Summer months and 5 cents per quart during the Winter months. Drop a card to Box B, Bethel, and I will call.

A. Van Den Kerckhoven.

BUSINESS CARDS.

MISS E. E. BURNHAM,
Millinery, Fancy Goods and Jewelry,
BETHEL, ME.

HERRICK & PARK,
Attorneys at Law,
BETHEL, ME.

H. H. HASTINGS,
Attorney-at-Law,
Bethel, Me.

Frye Office.

A. W. GROVER,
Pension Attorney,
28 Main St., BETHEL, MAINE,
Office days the last three of each week.

J. B. TWADDELL, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
BETHEL, ME.
Office and Residence at
R. E. Holt's on Chapman Street.

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.
DR. GARDINER L. STURDIVANT,
Physician & Surgeon,
Office opposite P. O. BETHEL.

F. E. LESLIE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
ANDOVER, MAINE.
Long Distance Telephone.

DR. I. H. WIGHT,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office in Residence at
Wormell's Stand, BETHEL, MAINE.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

SUNDAY
EXCURSIONS

TO
PORTLAND, the ISLANDS,
HARPSWELL AND
OLD ORCHARD.

Commencing July 20th and each
Sunday thereafter until September
24th, 1902. (Tickets will not be
sold to Old Orchard on September
24th.) Special train will leave
Bethel at 7:11 a. m. Returning from
Portland at 6:15 p. m. Fares for
Round Trip are as follows:

PORTLAND, . . . \$1.00
THE ISLANDS, . . . \$1.25
HARPSWELL, . . . \$1.35
OLD ORCHARD, . . . \$1.40

BERLIN EXCURSION.

Sunday Excursions to Gorham and
Berlin, N. H., leave Bethel at 11:14
A. M. Fare for Round Trip, 45 cts.

For Tickets and full information,
apply to S. F. BALL, Agent Grand
Trunk Railway.

New Line

Ladies' and Gents' Boots, Shoes,
and Rubbers.
Shoe Dressings of all kinds.
Rubber and Leather Cement.
Sole Leather by the side.
Crocheted Slipper Socks.
Repairing promptly attended to.

E. E. RANDALL,
MAIN ST., BETHEL.

CALL AT

R. E. L. FARWELL'S.

and see
what you can find
that is

good to eat.

If you don't see what you want,
ask for it.

OUR
HAMMOCKS

Have arrived. As good an as-
sortment as you can find any-
where. Prices \$1.00 to \$5.00.
Better come in and look them
over while the stock is complete.
At the Pharmacy of

F. A. SHURTLEFF & CO.,
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.



LONG BARTON'S RACE

In a gloomy room, made more dis-
mal by a spluttering candle set in a
bottle, the sides of which were cov-
ered with a copious overflow of tal-
low, a young man sat, attempting to
decipher the words on a small piece
of paper. Near him, with her head
bent forward in an anxious, half ex-
pectant attitude, was his mother, on
whose not unattractive face were the
lines of toil and suffering.

"Well, George," she finally said,
"why don't you read it?"
"I can hardly make it out, moth-
er," her son replied, "but it's new,
and he says he got the receipt from
one of the great piano makers in
New York. It's the stuff that makes
the cases shine so. Think of it! If
I could get such a polish on my skis,
why, I'd win that \$200 and pay off
the mortgage and get you a thick
cloak and all the things you need."

"Yes, George," said the woman, a
slight flush tinged her pale face;
"but you've tried so many kinds of
'dope,' and they all failed. I'm
afraid it's your way of riding, dear."
"My way of riding!" exclaimed
the young man, and he looked up
and ran his hands through his curly
hair. "Why, there isn't a man in
Plumas county who can toss more
snow in a day, lift more, stand more,
than can I."

His mother said nothing. She
sighed as she looked up at the snow
covered windows, then glanced at
her companion with an expression
that combined pride and pity. The
young man had not overestimated his
powers. He was a giant, a colossus
in strength, seven feet tall, but so
thin, so long of limb, so strangely
drawn out that for miles around he
was known as "Long Barton" and
"Tanglefoot." He was a miner, like
his father, who had been killed in
an avalanche two seasons before.

The winter had set in early, and a
succession of snowstorms had buried
the little hamlet of a dozen houses
so deep in the snow that around the
Barton home it was nearly 30 feet
on the level, and the hamlet, so far
as appearances went, had been wiped
out of existence and lay with all its
domestic life under the snow. The
entire male population had dug the
Bartons out, as in previous winters,
the operation consisting in begin-
ning a shoot 50 feet from the front
of the house, or where it was sup-
posed to be, and sinking a burrow
or shoot at an angle of 45 degrees in
the direction of the second story.
It took some time to accomplish this
after the last storm, but finally the
miners reached the attic window,
giving a rousing cheer as Mrs. Bar-
ton and her son appeared to wel-
come them. From this time the at-
tic window had been the front door.
George had cut steps up the burrow,
and the Bartons, as the postmaster
remarked, were "in society again."
The chimney had been spliced with
pieces kept for the purpose, so that
the top reached the surface of the
snow, and as George had piled a
plentiful supply of wood in the
house in September and there was
an abundance of candles, oil and
provisions things were as comforta-
ble in the Barton home as in any
house in the place 20 or more feet
under the snow.

But there is a skeleton in every
household, it is said, and in the Bar-
ton home it was pride and debt.
The elder Barton had left a mort-
gage on the house, which was soon
to expire, and the mortgagee wished
the money. He lived in the city, 500
miles distant, and did not care for a
risk where the security was liable to
be crushed beneath 30 feet of snow,
as both Plumas and Sierra counties
were famous for heavy snowfalls.
George Barton had not been able to
save enough money for the mort-
gage. Avalanches had covered the
mines and kept him from work.
Then one night in returning home
he could not find the shoot and had
wandered off and when discovered
was badly frozen. It was the custom
in the village for the miners when
going to work to plant a staff with
a rag streamer at the entrance of
the shoots, so that they could find
their homes if a storm came up. But
the wind had blown Barton's flag
down.

Then there was another trouble.
For a number of years George Bar-
ton had been a contestant in the ski
races which are the principal amuse-
ment of the people of these counties
of California in winter, but in every
one he had been defeated—more,
humiliated, as twice, unable to con-
trol his long legs, he had at first
wobbled, then slipped and gone
down the slide upon his back amid
the roars of laughter and gibes of
the crowd of spectators.

"The funniest thing about it," re-
marked the storekeeper, "is that
George thinks he can ride and al-
ways lays it to his skis or the 'dope.'
But, bless your heart, a man might
just as well try to ride on stilts as
them legs of his'n. They ain't built
for a bridge. My, how he did tan-
gle up, legs and arms all in knots!

Why don't some of you chaps tell
him nature didn't intend him to
ride skis?"

"Why don't you tell him?" retort-
ed a listener, laughing.
"Waal, it ain't my business, and
I get heaps of fun out of him, but
it's the truth, he ain't got any
sense."

"He's entered for next week," said
one of the group.

"What for—the sweepstakes?"
asked the storekeeper.

"You bet!" was the reply. "He's
got some 'dope' that's like greased
lightning, and you can't get the se-
cret out of him with a team of wild
horses. Gus Lindberg offered him
\$10 for a cupful, but he wouldn't
look at him, and he's given it out
that he expects to win."

"He'll win if the prize is for try-
ing his legs into knots," laughed the
storekeeper. "He can't equal the
time he went to Miss Bates' party
and slipped at the head of their
shoot. It was 75 feet if it was a
foot, and he went sliding down like
a log of redwood—a mile a minute.
The front door was shut, and he
struck it feet first and landed right
in the party, his legs all in knots."

The ski races had been announced
for a week, and Long Barton had
entered. The grand prize was \$250,
and he believed he could win it. But
on the morning of the event his
mother made some excuse for re-
maining home and was the only wo-
man in the hamlet not present at
the races. She could not bear to
witness his defeat. The course was
on the slopes of the sierras, a splen-
did hill 2,000 feet long, slippery as
glass, and of so sharp an angle that
a man could not ascend it, and once
on it with skis, it was a race like the
wind for nearly half a mile, then out
to a gradual slope into the valley,
where the little village lay buried.

Every town or village in Plumas
and Sierra counties of any preten-
sions had a ski club, and many of
the members were experts who had
performed wonderful feats, and for
this race the pick of every club was
on hand at the top of the glassy
slide, while an admiring crowd of
men, women and girls looked on.
The curious Norwegian snowshoes,
which were eight feet long, four
inches wide and half an inch thick,
were being given their final polish,
every contestant having his special
"dope," which was his secret. Apart
from the others stood Long Barton
strapping on his skis, which had a
polish such as had never been seen
before. They gleamed in the sun
with dazzling brilliance. If "dope"
counted, there were those who be-
lieved that "Tanglefoot" would win.

The first signal was given, and the
men lined up, their long skis extend-
ed forward, their bodies in various
positions. Each racer bore a long
staff, or starter. Some held it on
one side, some between their legs,
while others extended it ahead, and
as the word was given each man
gave a mighty shove and projected
himself down the terrific slide. They
shot over the edge like a wave of
water over a fall and seemed to rush
into space, then sank so rapidly
from view that they were gone be-
fore the excited onlookers realized it.
The speed increased rapidly, and
in 10 seconds was like that of a fast
trotter, at 15 it was equal to the
fastest train of cars, and at 20 the
best men were holding their breath,
as it was impossible to breathe at
such speed, and the slightest swerve
would send them off the track. From
the side the scene was a frightful
one, as it was hard to believe that
human beings could preserve their
position and not be dashed to pieces
under such extreme velocity. But
the line swept on, a few of the racers
surging ahead. Half way down, and
four are in advance, two-thirds, and
one tall figure is leading.

It is Long Barton. He is rushing
with the speed of light. The new
"dope" is carrying him on to victo-
ry. He knew it; his teeth were set;
his heart was in his mouth—the
goal was just ahead. Then some-
thing happened. He swerved a
tenth of an inch; a piece of ice
caught the channel of his polished
ski, perhaps, and the next second
the line of racers rushed like the
wind by a figure rolling over and
over, its legs, arms and long skis
seemingly tangled in a hopeless
knot. "Tanglefoot" had lost again,
and the loud laughter and gibes of
the spectators rang in his ears as,
half stunned, he slid to the bottom
and picked himself up. To their
credit, the winners did not laugh.
It was the crowd on the hill, and
Barton took off his skis and, avoid-
ing them, walked over the snow and
was lost to sight in the shoot that
led to his home.

That night, as was the custom,
there was a ball, and at the earnest
wish of his mother Long Barton
went. But he took no part in the
entertainment and sat by the stove
and watched the merry-makers,
knowing well that he was the butt
of them all. Late at night, while
he still looked on, a crowd gathered
at the door around a man who had
just arrived—Reel Stacey, the stage
driver.

"Hope you folks has extra splices
on your chimneys and flags out," he
said. "It's banked 50 feet at Ev-
ans, and the 30 foot marks on the
pines are covered, and it's snowing
like it will never stop. But that's
not what I come for," he continued,
unrolling a bundle, blanket after
blanket, and producing a baby that
looked up at the men with a wonder-
ing gaze.

"A baby!" they shouted in chorus,
and half a dozen arms reached for
the child.

"Hold on, boys," said the driver;
"business first. This is Jim Gray-
son's baby. His wife died last night,
and he's flat on his back. The cow
was killed in the snow, and there
ain't any milk in this town but this,"
and the old driver held up a
quart bottle. "Now, the doctor
says that the only thing to save the
baby is to get it out where there's
milk. If we don't, it will starve."

"Why, Reel," said the storekeeper
in an awed whisper, "it's death to
try the mountains in such a storm!"
"So I told the doctor," replied
the stage driver, "and I haven't the
nerve to try it. I know what it is—
a man's life against the kid's. But
I said I'd state the case. He's a new-
comer at Sierra. He got here and
can't get away."

"It's 50 miles to milk if it's a
foot," remarked a red whiskered
miner in the group. "Won't bread
and water do?"

"It might for some," retorted the
driver, "but this baby's not built
that way. She wants milk, and she
won't touch anything else. They've
been trying it for days. Is there any
man here that can suggest any-
thing?" And the speaker raised his
voice.

Every miner present knew that it
was impossible to get out of the
mountains, even if it was not snow-
ing, until the snow had settled. Ev-
ery one recalled the names and faces
of men who had met death trying to
cross the sierras in storms, and for
a few moments no one answered.
Then, as the driver pulled the blan-
ket over the little figure, which he
held closer to his breast, a voice
said:

"Well, if the baby wants milk,
she's going to have it; don't you for-
get it, boys." And Long Barton
edged through the crowd and took
the child in his arms. He rolled it
up in the coverings the stage driver
had taken off. Then he pulled on
his snow cap and, followed by the
men to the door, went out into the
storm.

"Well," exclaimed Reel Stacey,
"I'd have picked 'Tanglefoot' the
last one for such a proposition. But,
boys, we've mistook him. He's got
sand, for he's going to his funeral."

What George Barton said to his
mother no one knew. Time was the
essence of this transaction, and in a
very short while he came up the
shoot clad in his furs, the baby
wrapped in a fur bag which was
slung under his arm. He carried his
staff in his hand, a revolver in his
pocket for wolves, and on his booted
feet were the skis which the incom-
parable "dope" had polished so that
he could hardly stand. A moment
later he was lost to view.

The same dogged persistency
which had led Long Barton to be-
lieve that he could win the race made
him think that he could carry the
baby to safety. If he had been asked
an hour before if a man could do
this, he would have said no. He
strode up the little valley, keeping in
the center, with the walls of the
sierras, snowclad, trembling with
avalanches on either side and in an
hour struck the straggling forest.
He knew the trees well, and for five
miles kept the trail. Then he came
to the first slope. By the aid of his
staff he made a rapid slide, reaching
the bottom of the canyon safely in
a few seconds. And this was to be
his experience—climbing and slid-
ing. The next hill was so soft that
he was breathing hard when he
reached half way. Then he felt a
tremble, a nameless thrill, and the
entire side of the mountain seemed
to give way, and he was carried ir-
resistibly down on the wings of an av-
alanche. He made desperate strug-
gles and by a miracle kept near the
top and after much labor dug him-
self out.

It had stopped snowing as he
started down the canyon, now slid-
ing, now leaping, the famous "dope"
carrying him well and fast. From a
deep valley he must climb the next
range, but when he was half way up
the snow began to fall again, and he
became bewildered. He could not
see the stars and would have to trust
to luck. So he swung himself over
the divide and rushed down the
slopes. Another range to climb, and
still it snowed, and later the wind
rose and tossed the snow aloft in
great spectral wreaths that looked to
his distorted vision like shrouds.
But that warm bundle so close to his
heart gave him courage, and he
pushed on.

Five hours he had been traveling
steadily. He could not remember
how many ranges he had passed.
He had forgotten how many ranges
he was to cross to reach the town.

Continued on Page 6.

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stands 15 hands high.

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The Percheron has a

face, showing great in

head is of medium leng

ween the eyes. The

and muscular; the bac

strong; body round an

The hind-quarters are b

the shoulders are very

part of legs hairy; an

and free from disease.

Eight is from fifteen to

the general color is gra

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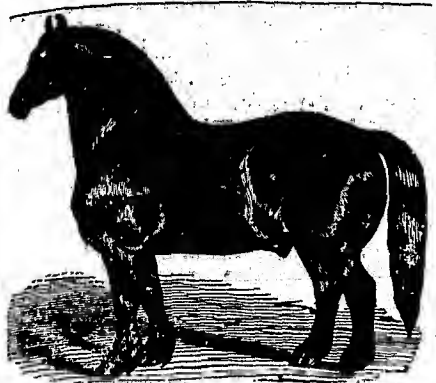
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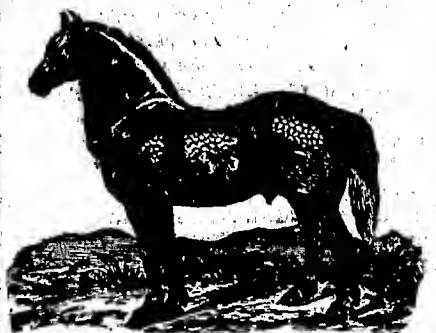
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GRAY PERCHERON STALLION,
8 years old, weighs 1300 pounds, and stands 15 hands high.

Animals of this draft breed are surprising travelers for horses of their size. The Percheron has a slightly dished face, showing great intelligence. The head is of medium length and wide between the eyes. The neck is arched and muscular; the back is short and strong; body round and close ribbed. The hind-quarters are broad and strong, the shoulders are very muscular. Low part of legs hairy; hoofs are hard and free from disease. The general weight is from fifteen to sixteen hands. The general color is gray and dappled gray.

It is very difficult to draw the line between Norman and Percheron. In the stud book all animals imported from France, are registered either Normans, Percherons, Percheron-Normans or Norman-Percherons. No matter by what name they are known, it is a well-known fact that they are one of the most valuable breeds ever brought to this country, and their merits should be carefully investigated by anyone interested in breeding.

Breed to a common sense, general-purpose horse. Come and see him. IOWA BOY will stand for service during the season of 1902 at my farm in Hanover, Fridays and Saturdays of each week. Terms \$10 to warrant.

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THE HOME.

In Velvet Valleys.

Out in velvet valleys, and a daisy in the dew

Is saying and is singing all the sweetest things to you!

No flower beneath your feet
But hears the world's heart beat,
And life is love and music, and the breath of it is sweet!

Out in the velvet valleys, in shadows wild with vines—

The ripple of the river—the preaching of the pines!

The roses love toward nod,
And the breath is in the cloud,
And the lilies are the altars of the litanies of God!

Out in velvet valleys, and earth, framed round with sky,

Is all too bright for weeping—for the shadow of a sigh!

God's love on hill and stream—
In rose-rimmed storm and gleam,
Love lifts the cloud-bright curtains,
And heaven smiles in a dream!

—Frank L. Stanton.

In the Forgotten Country.

We no longer have a frontier, the historians of to-day regretfully tell us. The old West is gone, and the old life on the plains; from ocean to ocean we are civilized. Yet still in the heart of the East is a whole people whose language, customs, household implements and furnishings, rude trades and scanty arts are those of two hundred years ago—the mountain people of the South.

For several summers past six young Kentucky women have been going to these people with what cheer they could carry. Over the mountain trails news travels with almost incredible rapidity. The circuit court was in session in one of the tiny country seats when word was brought that "them quare womenfolks with the cloth houses" were coming.

Instantly the court-house was emptied, and the strangers arriving found the whole population waiting to give them welcome, and help them put up their tents. A kindergarten and sewing and cooking classes were opened. The sights were strange—babies of three and four and boys of thirteen and fourteen working with equal delight over the paper chains—"rattlesnakes" they always call them—and pasteboard toys. One old woman, hearing of the marvels given away, sent for a piece of "silk," meaning colored paper. She wanted to make a pin-wheel, and put it on a post in front of the cabin, so that people passing could see something pretty.

In the sewing classes were thirty-seven boys who "aimed to know as much as the girls." Among them was a man of thirty-five who came to learn so that he could teach his wife, who was too busy working in the fields to come herself. All were welcome, and as far as possible the coveted treasures were exchanged for anything that the mountaineers could bring. Two things only were given absolutely free—soap and tooth-brushes; and the explanation of their use was often met by the wondering remark:

"You'uns must be a heap of trouble to yourself!"

To the visitors upon their part came no less strange revelations: the old Elizabethan words and ballads that they heard on every hand; the sight of the women spinning and weaving; above all, the people themselves—rude, ignorant, dirty, but possessed of an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and an untutored chivalry whose honor never fails. To one of the workers there came one day a sudden call back to her home. There was no possible way but for her to go the sixty miles to the railroad alone in a boat with two mountaineers. The men came to report upon their return.

"I don't know when I've felt so plump sorry for anybody," one of them said, "as I did for her when it came dark, an' we told her she couldn't get that till eleven o'clock. She wrapped herself up an' sot kind o' still, an' then she said, 'Ef you-all will sing, I reckon I won't mind it so.' So that's what we did—we all sung all the way thar."

Could the "level kentry" have shown more beautiful courtesy?—
Youth's Companion.

Grumbling Children.

Children are allowed to grumble

Trifling With Your Health

Is like Playing with a Loaded Gun.
If you have Kidney Trouble
Attend to it at Once.

It is easy to tell whether your Kidneys or bladder are diseased. Take a bottle or glass tumbler and fill it with urine. If there is a sediment—a powder-like substance—after standing a day and night, if it is pale or discolored, ropy or stringy, there is something wrong with the Kidneys. Other sure signs of disease are a desire, to urinate often, pain in the back, or if your urine stains linen.

There is no question that Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is the best and surest medicine in the world for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder and Blood, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Chronic Constipation, and the sicknesses peculiar to women. It quickly relieves and cures inability to hold urine and the necessity of getting up a number of times during the night, and puts an end to the scalding pain when passing urine.

The Rev. Henry P. Miller, pastor Baptist Church, Spartanburg, S. C., writes:

"For eleven years I suffered with kidney, liver and heart troubles, swimming in the head, dull headache and numbness of the limbs. Several physicians prescribed for me and I took different medicines, none of them did me any good. I then began the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and in about two weeks was entirely well."

All druggists sell Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy in the New 50 Cent Size and the regular \$1.00 size bottles.

Sample bottle—enough for trial, free by mail.
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far too much, and they soon learn—unless they are repressed—to make "mother" the scapegoat of all their little tempers and dislikes.

"I'm used to being made the vent peg for all the bad humors in the family barrel," says long suffering Mrs. Smith.

And that is where Mrs. Smith makes a serious mistake. For the end is that she raises up a small race of boy tyrants, who in time to come make their wives and daughters perfect martyrs to uncontrolled grumbling, and their girls develop often into sharp tongued small shrews.

Mothers, and fathers, too, give more attention to decreasing this evil that is so fast overcoming our young people. Think of the fault-finding, soured individuals that will comprise the population of this sphere in a generation or two, unless some radical change is wrought. And has it ever occurred to you that a grand way to begin the reform would be to stop grumbling yourselves?

Too often complaints form the burden of conversation during the family meals. The mother complains, sometimes unconsciously, of grocers, servants, etc.; the father of business and abuses outside of home, while the children with that keen sympathy which is so human, grumble in turn of teachers, playmates, etc., until it becomes so fixed a habit that we grumble of and at each other if no other "wrong" readily presents itself to our distorted view. Let us reform, and let us begin at once.

A Muddle Room.

And now an exchange wants us to try to keep the men and boys at home evenings and odd hours by instituting a muddle room. Here is our contemporary's view of it.

"There is nothing that keeps a man at home so surely as a good muddle room, and if one of these little temples to the goddess of disorder were set aside in every house we should hear far less of the late home comings of husbands and the bad hours of sons.

The man soon shakes down into his muddle room like a homing pigeon in its loft, and when he has fixed up home made shelves in every possible corner, and filled those shelves with the thousand odds and ends of lumber he sets

such store by, he is as happy and as proud as a dog with two tails.

No longer does he feel a nuisance to himself and everybody else when he desires to do a little carpentering; no longer does he edge into the kitchen with a nag dog look to know if he may convert the scullery into a photographic dark room, notwithstanding the fact that it is washing day and the charwoman is in possession.

Neither is he ashamed when he brings home half a ton of dog eared second hand books which he has bought at a bargain at waste-paper prices, and which he intends to read when he gets time—which he will never do.

There is room for everything in the muddle room. Its generous walls are as expansive for the reception of rubbish as the lining of a small boy's pocket. It finds room for books, wood, electrical apparatus, photographic material, scientific instruments, second hand fiddles, old clothes, shavings, wastepaper, boots, skates, bicycles, pictures, china, door knobs, curiosities, gardening implements, tobacco tins, poultry food and a thousand and one odds and ends which sit up in every house during its tenancy by man.

Of course, the evil day must come when even the muddle room must be cleared out in the interest of public health.

In this case the easiest course to follow is to take another house and there start life and the muddle room anew."

Prevention of Deafness.

The great and constantly increasing prevalence of deafness should make parents and all those having charge of the young very careful in the treatment of the ears. Many cases of deafness in adult life could be traced back to one of several easily preventable causes, if all were known.

First, mistaken ideas as to cleanliness are fruitful of mischief. The old rule that while the outside ear must be kept clean, the inside ear will take care of itself is a good one. Nature provides a secretion—the natural wax—to this end. There are also tiny, fine hairs at the entrance to the canal the work of which is to act as sentinels against dust and dirt.

The wax itself is bitter in taste, and is a guard against insects. Only by rare accident would an insect enter the ear, and when in it would be quite as anxious for release as its unwilling host. When this accident does occur a little sweet oil should be poured in to drive the insect out.

The faithful but ignorant nurse should be instructed not to roll up corners of wash-rags and towels and force them into the opening. Even if no further harm is done some water will almost certainly find entrance, and this is not only dangerous in itself, but tends to injure the protective qualities of the wax.

Another great fault is the ignoring of the danger-signal of earache in children. In former days, when less was known about the treatment of the ears and when there were no specialists, the administration of some pain-reliever, such as hot applications of laudanum water, and the ignoring of the reason behind the ache were more excusable than they would be to-day. To relieve the pain is well so far as it goes; but at the same time a specialist should be consulted as to what lurks behind the pain. Many parents who would think it a shame to let a child suffer from toothache and not take it to the dentist will watch some poor little sufferer grow up on earache, as it were, and seem to regard it as some mysterious insult on the part of nature. Most of nature's insults are patient, faithful warnings in disguise, and this is especially true of ear symptoms in the young—Companion.

Henry L. Shattuck of Shellsburg, Iowa, was cured of a stomach trouble with which he had been afflicted for years, by four boxes of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. He had previously tried many other remedies and a number of physicians without relief.

For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel; E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel.

LATEST POPULAR MUSIC

BULLETIN No. 5.

Following is a list of New Popular Music, consisting of the VERY LATEST SUCCESSES IN SONGS, CAKE-WALKS, MARCHES, TWO STEPS, WALTZES, ETC.

We have a larger variety and better assortment of popular music than ever before, and are in a position to supply our customers with

Popular Music at Popular Prices.

Following is a list of GUARANTEED HITS. These are the most popular pieces selected from our stock, and we would recommend them to all desiring the latest music.

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We will send the following by mail,
postpaid for 20 Cents each.

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The Lily or The Rose,
Why the Convent Bells were Ringing,
In the Valley of Kentucky,
Jennie Lee,
A Picture without a Frame,
'Tis Not Always Bullets that Kill,
When My Little Dolly Died,
Way Down in Old Indiana,
My Home Now of the Past,
A Little Boy in Blue,
A Thousand Leagues Under the Sea,
What'd Yo' do wid de Letter Mr. Johnson,
Nobody Ever Brings Presents to Me,
I'm Tired,
I'll be There Mary Dear,
She's Sleeping by the James,
Just a Little World of Two,
On a Sunday Afternoon,
The Tie That Binds,
The Brotherhood of Man,
Oh What a Lovely Dream,
Who's Your Friend,
Come Kiss Yo' Mammy Good Night,
Weezy, The Song of the Minstrel Man,
Ida Dunn, (I'd a done most any one for Ida Dunn),
I Just Can't Help from Lovin' that Man,
In the Heart of the Mighty Deep,
No More of Dat Man for Me,
Why Did we Drift Apart,
When the Blue Sky turns to Gold,
When the Birds go North Again,
Josephine My Jo,
I Got Mine,
On Broadway,
My Bamboo Queen,
A Rose with a Broken Stem,
Ma Southern Belle,
The Wedding of Reuben and the Maid,
Mr. Volunteer, (You don't belong to the Regulars.)

Monroe H. Rosenfeld
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Tony Stanford
Harry Von Tilzer
Jonnes
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Our Director, March,
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The Grasshopper's Hop,
The Donkey Laugh,
Shame and Shakespeare, March and Two-Step,
With Fire and Sword, March and Two-Step,
Carmelita, Mexican Dance,
Prisoner of War March,
Roma Dance, Characteristic,
The Strollers, March and Two-Step,
Loop the Loop, Two-Step,
Bugville Brigade, Characteristic Piece,
Maid of the Mist, Schottische,
Isis, Intermezzo,
In a Cozy Corner, Novelette,
Soldiers of Fortune, March,
Bowery Buck, Ragtime Two-Step,

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to invest on the ground floor with owners, in a developed free milling gold mine that has produced, and has expended on it,

Fifty Thousand Dollars

in development on the ledge and a complete five stamp mill with all other necessary machinery ready to run.

The Ozark is not a prospect, but a mine that has produced. We are placing 100,000 shares of development stock at 25c per share, capital stock 1,000,000 shares (par value \$1.00 each), fully paid and non-assessable, to further develop and put the property on a paying basis.

A property lying near the Ozark, with nowhere as good a showing and very little development, sold last week to a New York syndicate for \$250,000. The Ozark will pay dividends and be worth par inside of six months. This is the best investment for the money that has ever been offered to the investing public.

Do not lose this opportunity. It will never come again. For further particulars, prospectus, report of mine, references, etc., address

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WEDNESDAY, AUG. 20, 1902.

The worst kind of poverty is discontentment in the midst of plenty.

When a man is always throwing up to his wife that she does not cook to suit him like his mother used to, he needs her to fan the base of his pants like his mother used to.

An unusual number of monitors and torpedo boats are in the vicinity of Washington just now. Two are undergoing tests for oil as fuel and one, the Arkansas, will make a trial of speed early in the week in the Chesapeake.

A statement just issued by the Treasury Department shows that during the month of July, the total coinage at the different mints was 16,566,000 pieces, valued at \$4,576,800, an increase of 8,435,000 pieces over July of last year, but a decrease in value of \$1,045,070.

Electric cars are to be put in operation within a week between Chicago and suburban towns, and are guaranteed to make a speed of 133 miles an hour, compared with which the "fast mail" will move like an ox wagon. The cars will be operated on the third rail system.

A Mrs. Elizabeth H. Rice wants \$1,000,000 from the Government as partial payment on account of a device for furling the "shelter tent" or, as the soldiers of the civil war used to term it, the "dog tent", which she claims her husband patented. Her claim is that the Government has used upward of 4,000,000 of them, and that she ought to be given a royalty of 25 cents each.

A party of Laramie, Wyoming, gentlemen have organized a World's Fair Club to visit the exposition at St. Louis in 1904. The party will charter a special Pullman train with dining car. The plan of the club is to deposit a given sum of money each month with the treasurer so that when the fair opens the money to pay for the excursion will be in hand. It is estimated that \$50 will pay the expenses of each person for one week's visit to the fair.

Sheriff Pearson's Successor.

The appointment of former Deputy Charles Dunn as sheriff of Cumberland county to succeed the late Sheriff Pearson, by Gov. Hill came as a complete surprise. Deputy Perry had presented to the Governor a most formidable petition in his behalf signed by leading Republicans and Democrats, while all that Mr. Dunn had in his favor was the request of a dying man.

While the selection of Mr. Dunn was unlooked for, the feeling is that it was one of the wisest appointments the Governor ever made. While other candidates had big petitions, the Governor learned that there was a strong popular feeling in Cumberland county in behalf of Mr. Dunn. He recognized the fact, too, so it is said, that the people of the county had elected Mr. Pearson for two years and they had a right to expect that the principals and policies he represented would prevail for that time. As it was the sheriff's opinion that Mr. Dunn would best carry out these policies, the Governor felt that he could do no better than respect his desire and appoint the man whom he wished to succeed him.

STATE NEWS.

The Poland Spring library now numbers 323 volumes and is constantly receiving accessions to its shelves.

Rev. A. S. Bisbee of Brunswick has been selected to fill the vacancy on the Prohibition ticket caused by the death of Sheriff Pearson. Mr. Bisbee was one of Sheriff Pearson's deputies.

Alfred Moreau who lost wife, family, home and business in the Mont Pelée disaster, was in Portland and Lewiston, last week, in search of employment at his trade of boiler maker.

A new method of supplying its own material for paper stock is to be tried by the White Mountain Paper Co., and if the plan proves successful, much of the plains land along the banks of the Saco river that is now barren will be used in raising poplar trees.

The man who died suddenly in the Crawford House, Boston, the 14th, was Postmaster Edwin A. Dudley of Monmouth Center. He had gone to Boston on business connected with his general store. His age was 45 years. A widow survives him.

While Mrs. Marie Ruelle of Lewiston was working over an oil stove, Wednesday morning, her clothing caught fire and was burned from her body, and her flesh was burned to a black crisp except that portion protected by her shoes. She was taken to a hospital, but died before noon.

The Ellsworth American corrects the report which has been going around that the Sarah Ware murder has cost Hancock county \$20,000. It says that the trial of Treworgy cost about \$5000, and that the previous expenses will not make the total cost to the county over \$7500.

The annual picnic of the Custard Pie Association was held, Friday, in South Hartford, with a good attendance. The speakers were W. S. Robinson of Hartford, Hon. C. H. Prince and Rev. B. F. Turner of Buckfield and Prof. McCrath of Louisville, Ky. Music and ample refreshments were furnished and the day was one of great enjoyment.

Only one characteristic distinguishes the little village of Strong, from the thousands of others that are scattered all over New England. That is the peculiar industry which serves to support the entire community. Strong is famous for nothing but toothpicks, but it is known in the trade as the place from which come the majority of the toothpicks that are used in the United States.

Four hearts are now beating happily as the result of the divorce secured from her husband by Margherita Arlina Hamm, the energetic, versatile and much advertised New York writer and globe trotter whose place of nativity is Bangor. The day after the galling bonds were severed she married a New York newspaper man, and her husband lost no time in hustling to Maine and wedding one of Rockland's fairest and most accomplished daughters. And now may they all live happy ever after.

A recent shipment of trunks from a Bangor manufactory is claimed to have been the largest on record. The length of the train with engine was one eighth of a mile, and the total weight of the trunks in shipment was 126,000 pounds; the lumber used in trays and boxes was 72,000 feet; the number of cleats used on the trunks was 30,800; linen and paper used in lining trunks, 19,200 yards; nails and rivets driven in trunks, 1,800,000; glue paste used in making trunks, 7,500 pounds; iron used in binding trunks, 21,900 square feet; canvas used in covering trunks, 36,000 square feet; oil paint used in painting trunks, 460 gallons; hoop iron used for valances, 17,500 feet.

Harry E. Blanchard, head waiter at the Preble House, fired two shots from a 32 calibre revolver into his forehead, and then cut his throat, in his room at that hotel, Thursday afternoon. Blanchard was 30 years of age and belonged in Barton, Vt., having been at the Preble since the middle of April.

A. W. Marsh of Marsh & Ayer has a crew of 60 men at work at Eagle lake constructing the log carrying machinery which will be used in transporting logs overland from Chamberlain to Eagle lake, a distance of some 3,600 feet. Widespread interest is being taken in this enterprise by which it is anticipated many millions of logs will each year be brought down the Penobscot from the upper St. John waters.

No trace has yet been discovered of William L. Powers of Naples who disappeared early last week. He went to Portland to draw \$3500 from a bank and close a deal for a farm at Sebago. He was married at Naples a few days before he disappeared; the farm was to be the home of the newly-wedded couple. It has been learned that he did not go to the bank. Powers came from Bangor about a year ago, and is understood to have a brother and son in that city.

At the Continental Paper Bag Co's mill in Rumford Falls a bevy of agile fingered girls are at work on huge bags which are built solely for covering bunches of bananas. In all the world, it is understood, is only one machine for making these bags, but a smart girl can make a surprisingly large number by hand in a day. The bags are about 24x48 inches, although there are several sizes. They are principally used through the Western States. Hitherto, these bags have been made entirely in the New York mills of this concern.

The crew of tug Teazer made an unexpected "haul" recently which netted them quite a bit of spending money. Upon arriving in the lower harbor with a tow of barges the hawser was let go as usual after the anchoring ground had been reached, but when the tug's crew proceeded to pull the big rope aboard it was found to be considerably more of a job than customary. Investigation disclosed the end of the hawser attached to a big anchor. The find was pulled on board and later disposed of at a junk dealer's, the crew dividing the money.

Miss Helen Pingree, known as the Desdon Doll Sourette of the Wilbur Opera company, is to be credited with a unique advertising scheme. It seems that Miss Pingree has a small foot, wearing a 13 C shoe, (size of head not specified) and in Bangor one of her shoes has been on exhibition, accompanied by the offer of free passes for the two weeks' engagement of the company in that city to Bangor women who could wear the shoe. No girl under 16 was eligible in the competition. Up to 3 o'clock Monday afternoon eight young women had succeeded in squeezing a pedal extremity into the shoe, and their names are now recorded in the Queen city's Hall of Fame.

Practically all of the Grand Trunk main line between Shelburne and Portland is now laid with eighty pound steel, but there has as yet been but little of the heavy steel laid west of here in this district. This replaces the sixty-five pound steel with which the line was formerly laid. The heavy motive power which has been put into commission during the past few years made it necessary to increase the weight of the rails in use and eighty pound steel is none too heavy for the monster locomotives. Many roads are substituting 100 pound steel for eighty. The strain on the rails on the curves must be enormous when the big engines are running at even a moderate rate of speed.

It matters not what his income is, the man who strikes his wife is a brute.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Beware the Signature of *Charles H. Little*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Mayor Low of New York city is the guest of John S. Kennedy at Bar Harbor.

A 9-lb. salmon jumped into a boat on Pleasant lake at Wilmot, N. H., last week, and was captured.

Automobiles are now traveling from Dan to Beersheba, and it is no longer good form in the Holy Land to speak of driving like Jehu.

The total number of cases of cholera which have occurred in Manila to date is believed to be 30,000, with 17,596 deaths reported.

Intelligence is received from Lisbon that May Yohe and Putnam Bradlee Strong are living happily together at the Avenida hotel, as Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson.

Anthracite coal dealers in some of the larger cities have been notified to be ready to handle shipment of anthracite coal after Sept. 1, as the strike will be settled by that time.

Wilbur Clark, the 4-year-old boy that dropped out of sight so suddenly, on June 17, at Lake Chebacco, Mass., is probably with his parents, as his father agreed last week, to pay the \$5000 ransom demanded by the kidnappers for his safe return.

Herbert E. Hill, who murdered his sister and committed a murderous assault on his mother at their home in Roxbury, Mass., July 8, was yesterday adjudged insane and ordered to be committed to the Worcester asylum by the Superior Court.

Mrs. Hannah E. Sutherland, aged 65 years, of Malden, Mass., has been found guilty of the larceny of \$10 in connection with a conductor's mistake in passing the woman some change, and has been sentenced to the house of correction for one year.

Last Wednesday there was a wreck near Alleghany, Pa., of thirty cars loaded with benzine, gasoline, kerosene, and lubricating oil, and fears were entertained of another catastrophe, such as was visited on Sheridan, Pa., when two hundred or more people were killed and injured by an explosion following a similar wreck.

When the steamship La Touraine arrived in New York last week three large trunks belonging to a passenger giving the name of S. Babiere of Sacramento, Calif., were seized by a custom inspector, who found concealed in the linings of old clothing a quantity of ladies' furnishings and toilet articles. In a belt worn by the man, several pieces of jewelry were concealed, the total value of the articles seized being about \$2000.

The sudden death of Charles Fair and his wife by the collapse of their automobile near Evreux, France, means a great loss to San Francisco. Just before his departure for Europe in May last, Chas. Fair had practically completed plans for \$5,000,000 worth of improvements to the Fair property in that city and it was his intention on his return from his sojourn in Europe to sign contracts for the work in contemplation.

In our North American possessions we have volcanoes to spare, says the Era. There are 15 active craters in Alaska, and a score more in repose which may at any time break forth. The Alaska volcanoes have been active during all the time the country has been known to civilized man. In 1796 an island was formed 30 miles north of Unalaska by volcanic action; eight years later, when revisited, the soil was still warm. This island has gradually been increasing in size, probably by upheaval of land. Just across Behring Strait another volcano in Kamchatka, 15,000 feet in height, erupted in 1829, with a noise that was heard for 50 miles. One of the volcanoes in Cook Inlet is 14,000 feet high.

Golden Polished

Oak Sideboard.

BEVELLED GLASS MIRROR.

\$12.48 to \$23.84

We wish persons intending to purchase a sideboard could see our line, but as the next best way,

"WHY NOT WRITE US?"
So we can send you our new Illustrated Catalogue and Price List.

Mr. D. W. Woodward, Ridgelyville, Me., says "The sideboard that you shipped me was very satisfactory indeed."

New England Home Furnishing Co.,
No. 92 Cross St., Portland, Me.

Denzil L. Taylor, aged 25, son of Edwin H. Taylor of Petersboro, N. H., firm of Walbridge & Taylor has died of cholera in the Philippines.

There was half an inch of snow on Mt. Washington, Sunday morning with the thermometer at 34. The frost in its fantastic designs was the feature on the summit all day.

Online, the great pacing stallion owned by M. W. Savage, died of colic at Minneapolis, Sunday. He held the 4-year-old stallion pacing record of 2.04, and was valued at \$20,000.

As Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fair, relatives of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., were returning to Paris from Trouville, Thursday, their automobile swerved and crashed into a tree. Both were killed. The chauffeur became insane as a consequence.

Carl Mosbrugger of Wertheim Baden died last week at the county almshouse near San Francisco. He was, ten years ago, one of the world's most famous tenors, having sung in the Berlin Opera House, at St. Petersburg, Paris and Moscow, and for a time was a favorite of royalty.

Charles J. Allen and his wife were shot at their home, Thursday, by Manuel Chavez, one of the wealthiest and most prominent young members of the Cuban Colony at Tampa, Fla. Allen returned home unexpectedly and found Chavez there, and the double murder was the outcome of the quarrel which followed.

Advices from Mexico state that conditions are most serious in that section on account of prolonged drought. Manager Spearman of the Spearman Cattle Company, says the company has lost 67 per cent. of its cattle on the account of lack of water and grass, and that other ranchers are doing no better.

The annual report of the Postmaster General of England shows that the large total of \$3,375,000 was found in letters undelivered during the last year. The undelivered letters totalled not less than 10,000,000, while the delivered missives amounted to 2,451,500,000, an average of 58.9 for each person in the United Kingdom.

Miss Hallie Erminie Rives, the well known Southern author was in full charge of the Morning Sentinel in Atlantic City, N. J., last Thursday, for 24 hours. She gave out all the assignments, wrote the editorials, received the copy and edited the greater part of the news. The paper will sell at \$1 a copy and the proceeds will go as a hospital fund.

Jerry Logan, the aged negro janitor of the State Supreme Court at Knoxville, Tenn., has sold himself to Gerald Stuart, clerk of court, for \$1000. He agrees in a written contract to serve and obey Stuart as his legal master from now until the time of his death. Logan has lately been worried by debts, which he will pay now from the sum to be paid him for his liberty.

A Card.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50-cent bottle of Greene's Warranted Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25-cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded.
n13m6 G. R. WILEY.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Topic For the Week Beginning Aug. 20—Christianity.

Topic.—Freedom for service.—II Tim. ii, 4; Gal. v. 1; Heb. xii, 1, 2.

God saves us not altogether for the sake of saving us, but also that our lives may be consecrated to Him. We are saved to serve. In the twelfth chapter of Romans Paul says, "I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." That this consecration and this service may be performed to the fullest extent it is absolutely necessary that we should be free and untrammelled in our service. That freedom for service is necessary Paul suggests to Timothy by the illustration of the soldier. "No man that warreth and tangleth himself with the affairs of life that he may please Him hath chosen him to be a soldier." No soldier can be entangled with other affairs in life. He must give himself up entirely to the service; he must be free from worldly cares and avocations or it will be absolutely impossible for him to produce the best results as a soldier. The same thing is true of the Christian soldier. To be a good soldier of Jesus Christ we must have freedom for service.

We must be free from affairs of this life. There is nothing that so much interferes with active Christian service as unnecessary association with the things of this world. A spirit of worldliness crushes out a spirit of consecration and service. An unwise indulgence even in the harmless things of life seriously interferes with the faithful performance of our obligations and our duties to God. Unnecessary worries about the cares and the business pursuits of life deprive us of the power to serve God as we ought to serve Him. While in the world we are not to be of the world to the extent that our relations with the world interfere with the performance of our duties to God.

2. We should be free from false conceptions of the law. "Stand fast, therefore, in the liberties wherewith Christ hath made us free and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage." The yoke of bondage here referred to was the bondage of the law. It was the conception of the ancient people of God that they were to be saved by the observance of the law. The result was that they became slaves to the law. It usurped the place in their lives that Christ should have had, and it was impossible under these conditions for them to render the cheerful and wholehearted service to God that was His due. The lives of many Christian people have been made miserable and they have been made incompetent for service by a false attitude toward the law. The early religious experiences of Martin Luther were of such a character. He was taught to look upon God as a severe judge ready to punish and to destroy him for the breaking of His law. He had no idea of God as a kind and loving Father or a realization of the fact that Christ had kept the law for him and had paid the penalty for it on the cross. The result was that his life was miserable and he was unfitted for the best and truest service. It was only when the scales fell from his eyes and he lived in the liberty wherewith Christ made him free that he was enabled to perform great service to God. Christians are not above the law; they are not immune from the penalties of the law, and yet in Christ they possess a freedom from it that should inspire them to greater liberty for effective and wholehearted service.

3. Freedom from besetting sins. "Let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." All sins have not the same attractive power for all people. What tempts one man may have no temptation for another. In each one of our lives are besetting sins or sins that easily intertwine themselves about us. The apostle here likens the form of such sins to the flowing robe of the Grecian athlete. We can easily understand how the runner would be hindered in the race if he had about him the loose, flowing garment of the Greek. It would wrap itself so closely about him as to hinder his every movement. Such is the result of besetting sins in the life of service. If they are allowed to have power and influence with us, they hinder us and destroy our powers for effective service. That we may be free to serve it is therefore important that we should lay aside all cares and all besetting sins and that we should look to Christ for the power to overcome besetting sins and to continue in the life of faithfulness and of patient service.

The Main Battlefield.

The main battlefield is the one which moves about with us, go where we will—ourselves. So dingy and inglorious oftentimes that we would like to flee it altogether and lose ourselves in some great campaign which should keep us from ever being reminded of it again! Great things have sometimes been done by men who never won the battle of their own natures, but they are the standing incongruity and puzzle of the moral world. When the thing we want to do has outrun the thing we want to be, our thought about life has ceased to be real and moral and essential, and God and men will forgive us all the delay that is necessary in order for us to go back into that battlefield of our own souls.—Sunday School Times.

The Test.

The test of a fine character is attention to the minutiae of conduct—to do the little commonplace service of love, the cheerful word, the cup of cold water, when rendered not grudgingly or of necessity.—Friend.

WEST

All the Latest News.

Corn is very bad. Haymakers are every hour of sunshine. The nights are approach. Miss Lottie Mearns in Gilead, and

Mrs. L. E. Allen in Otisfield last Saturday.

Asa Flint of N. H., spent Sunday, Mrs. A. J. H.

Miss Edith Briggs South Paris, is visiting in this village.

Maurice B. May from Bangor Sunday.

Elmer R. Briggs visited his father at the old home, Sunday.

While L. D. Groves his house Friday.

was driven to his pump in the yard.

potatoes were a large hydrangea.

Grover was alone, a large deaf was not

HANOVER

Charles Smith of a part of last

brothers, G. L. & E. Mrs. Anson Hay

husband at Rumford week.

Mrs. S. R. Howe father, Mr. Geo. West.

Mrs. Pike of Brown accompanied by her son and two friends

rd Pond, occupying Mr. and Mrs. Fred

ibasset have been Huse's mother, M

main.

Mr. and Mrs. Oll who have been visit

ere, returned to the Minneapolis, this week.

EAST BETHEL

Mr. Lester Bean and the 17th.

Miss Hester Kimball sister in Saco, and

lives in Portland.

Miss Amy Bartlett g her cousin, Miss C

Billerica, Mass.

Mr. Clarence Howe and the 17th, and

week on the Islands his home in Waltha

Mr. A. H. Bartlett gham, Mass., is spending with his pare

rs. J. M. Bartlett.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. mily of Waterville

face last Sunday.

Mrs. Porter Farwell in the Ladies' Union

afternoon, Aug. 28. A tion is extended to

GROVER HILL

cool weather.

Quite good hay weather with the greater part

True Browne is help dealer finish haying.

Walter Browne was m Auburn, last week his daughter as ga

Mrs. Mary Bean and s Bean, made a short

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Ring carried his asant Hill, Sunday.

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CASTOR

For Infants and Child

Kind You Have Alway

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nature of *Castor*

WEST BETHEL.

All the Latest News from Our Near Neighbors.

Corn is very backward. Haymakers are thankful for every hour of sunshine. The nights are cooler, and autumn is approaching. Miss Lottie Mason is done working in Gilead, and came home Saturday. Mrs. L. E. Allen visited relatives in Otisfield last week, returning Saturday. Asa Flint of Northumberland, N. H., spent Sunday with his sister, Mrs. A. J. Haskell. Miss Edith Briggs who works in South Paris, is visiting old schoolmates in this village. Maurice B. Mason came home from Bangor Sunday, and spent a few hours with his parents. Elmer R. Briggs of East Poland visited his father and brothers in the old home, Sunday. While L. D. Grover was asleep in his house Friday night, a carriage was driven to his front door, his pump in the yard was split open, potted plants were overturned, and a large hydrangea, nearly ready to blossom, was sadly mutilated. Mr. Grover was alone, and being partially deaf was not awakened.

HANOVER.

Charles Smith of Farmington spent a part of last week with his brothers, G. L. & E. S. Smith. Mrs. Anson Hayford visited her husband at Rumford Falls last week. Mrs. S. R. Howe is entertaining her father, Mr. Geo. Bean, from the West. Mrs. Pike of Brookline, Mass., accompanied by her daughter and son and two friends are at Howland Pond, occupying The Freak. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Huse of Caribasset have been visiting Mrs. Huse's mother, Mrs. Charlotte Huse. Mr. and Mrs. Ollen Saunders who have been visiting relatives here, returned to their home in Minneapolis, this week.

EAST BETHEL.

Mr. Lester Bean visited Portland the 17th. Miss Hester Kimball is visiting her sister in Saco, and other relatives in Portland. Miss Amy Bartlett is entertaining her cousin, Miss Olive Bartlett Billerica, Mass. Mr. Clarence Howe went to Portland the 17th, and will spend a week on the Islands before going to his home in Waltham, Mass. Mr. A. H. Bartlett of So. Framingham, Mass., is spending his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Bartlett. Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Bryant and family of Waterville visited this place last Sunday. Mrs. Porter Farwell will entertain the Ladies' Union Thursday afternoon, Aug. 28. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

GROVER HILL.

Cool weather. Quite good hay weather compared with the greater part of the season. True Browne is helping Peter Wheeler finish haying. Walter Browne was at home in Auburn, last week. He reports his daughter as gaining slowly. Mrs. Mary Bean and son, Milton Bean, made a short visit to Portland Bennett's recently. Ring carried his mother to Pleasant Hill, Sunday. The four generations which were recently at F. Bennett's, sent for West Vanderkerkhoven, and had her taken. Some from this place attended dance at North Albany, Saturday night. Randall Cummings has sold fifty bushels of early potatoes. Alton Cole and family went to Greenwood last Friday, returning Sunday.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Kind You Have Always Bought

the

nature of

Castoria

SOUTH PARIS NEWS.

Local and Personal Items From Our Shire Town.

Miss Ethel Stoddard of Lewiston is visiting at Mrs. Fred Scott's. Mrs. Jonathan Whitman of Portland was in town Monday. All the schools begin Monday, Sept. 1. Mr. Thomas Barnes and family went to Portland one day this week. Miss Olive Swett is at home from Cape Elizabeth. Mr. Pratt, the former conductor on the railroad, was in town Friday. Miss Lula Merrill of Auburn is visiting her friends here. Miss Clara Stinchfield is spending a few days with Miss Jessie Tolman. Mr. Clarence Riddon of West Paris was in town, Thursday. Mr. Harry Morton and family spent a few days at Concord pond last week. Mrs. Abbott and two children, and Miss May Beeman are visiting at Grace Thayer's. Company D. First Maine Regiment, came home from Muster, Saturday. Mr. Lyman Merrill is quite ill. Mrs. Clara Stuart who has been quite sick is now greatly improved. Mr. Fred Chandler and family and Mrs. Mary Chandler spent Sunday in Portland. Mr. Thomas Sampson cut his wrist quite badly while at work in the sled factory one day last week.

BERLIN, N. H.

O. H. Toothaker of Brunswick, Me., has purchased the Berlin Reporter. Theophile Vermette was drowned at the Cascades on the 6th while gathering drift wood. Napoleon Malvau was with him and narrowly escaped the same fate. A. H. Eastman and wife were suddenly called to North Carolina last Thursday by the serious illness of his father. Both bands, the Berlin Brass Band and Oleson's City Band, have been engaged for the Labor Day parade. Joseph Wener has purchased the C. R. Denning house on Prospect street. The Grand Trunk railway has settled its suit with W. L. McGivney by the payment of \$1500. The Irish Catholic children of this city enjoyed a trip to the new Electric Railroad Park last Thursday, by invitation of Father Mackey. The Universalist Sunday school will have a ride on the electric and a picnic at the park on Thursday if the weather is suitable. It is hoped the older people will attend and assist in giving the younger ones a good time. M. Dustin, who has been ill at Jesse Tuttle's for some time with typhoid fever, died Aug. 7, and the remains were taken to Springfield, Mass., Friday for interment.

NEWRY.

C. O. Foster, wife, and little boy were in town Sunday, visiting his brother. Poplar Tavern is crowded with company. It has been a popular resort all through the season. Enoch Foster and son Robert of Portland visited Mr. Foster's nephew, Walter A. Foster, this week, coming from their home in Portland in their automobile, and returning to Bethel Sunday afternoon.

WILSON'S MILLS.

Sanford Yates has been quite sick. Dr. Jones of Colebrook, N. H. was called to attend him, Sunday. N. K. Bennett and R. A. Storey have been to Colebrook, N. H. The Secretary of the Missionary Society preached at the school house Sunday forenoon. J. C. Bean went to the other town Sunday to visit his brother Ephraim, who is in failing health. A. T. Fickett of Auburn, is visiting at J. C. Bean's, called here by the death of his sister, Mrs. J. C. Bean.

One difference between a gun barrel and a whiskey barrel is that one kills with a bang and the other with a bung.

SUNDAY RIVER.

C. D. Bean has finished haying for C. B. Foster and has gone to Ketchum to cut the hay on the Ingalls farm. H. M. Kendall has purchased a steam engine to be used for grinding apples for his cider mill. Walter Stowe was badly bitten while trying to separate two dogs which were fighting. Herbert Jackson was home from Portland over Sunday. Our school commenced last week under the instructions of Miss Essie Bowker of Bryant Pond. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Powers and Mrs. A. H. Powers were guests at C. D. Bean's last Sunday. Mrs. Kurtz and son and Mrs. Moore and daughter of Iowa are at R. M. Williamson's. We are glad to say that the work of building our cemetery fence has commenced. John Chapman of Bethel is attending to the stone work. C. B. Foster will go to Portland this week to purchase other material. Light frosts were reported last week.

NEWRY CORNER.

H. S. Hastings and help are haying on the East Bethel farm. Judge Foster of Portland was in town last week. Miss Minnie Eagle of North Newry is assisting Mrs. Congdon to make ready for her journey. Mrs. Will Frost and son Hervey of Framingham, Mass., are the guests of Mrs. H. S. Hastings. The ladies of Union Circle will meet at the vestry, Wednesday afternoon, Aug. 27, and a "Guessing Social" in the evening will entertain the young.

Our fall school is progressing happily under the tuition of Miss Maenette Littlehale. Miss Bessie Searle has returned from a visit at Rumford Falls. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Huse have returned to their home in Carrabasset.

Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Congdon will take a vacation, consequently there will be no service at Union church the two coming Sabbaths.

Mrs. N. Baker was able to take a short ride recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bailey of Lisbon, are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bailey. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bailey recently had a gathering of the family at which there were twenty-two persons, representing four generations.

Miss Carrie Hastings and Mrs. Charles Kenney of Portland, called here recently.

Gilead Fair.

The Mountain Hills held their annual fair and entertainment at Gilead Town Hall, Wednesday evening, the 13th. Although the program was not carried out as at first intended, it proved to be very acceptable to a large and appreciative audience.

Miss Norma Linscott of Auburn sang in a clear, pure voice, and was heartily encored, responding in a charming manner. Miss Flossie Hastings accompanied her on the organ in her pretty, graceful way. A vote of thanks is due Miss Black and Miss Edith Hastings for assistance in making the program so enjoyable. Mrs. Maud Cary performed her part with credit, as she always does. Little Edith Peabody sang to the great amusement of the people. The Gilead Cornet Band was present and added much to the entertainment of the evening. Gilead has reason to be proud of her band.

There were quite a number of booths prettily decorated, and they were well supplied with articles of all kinds. Handkerchiefs from the big bandanna down to the smallest lace kerchief; aprons of all kinds, you were sure to be pleased with some of them. There was a candy table, presided over by Miss Black and Miss Mildred Bennett, which drew lots of custom; also a fortune tree, and a walking grab bag which made lots of fun; a prize cake was also sold.

A very handsome quilt was sold in a unique way. It was pieced up in what is called crazy work, and went to the one that guessed nearest to the number of pieces in it. Mr. James Guptail was the successful guesser. Ice cream and cake were sold during the evening.

Taking it all together it was a financial success. Over sixty dollars were added to the treasury. All worked hard, and have reason to feel proud of the result.

Lost Hair

"My hair came out by the handful, and the gray hairs began to creep in. I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor, and it stopped the hair from coming out and restored the color."—Mrs. M. D. Gray, No. Salem, Mass.

There's a pleasure in offering such a preparation as Ayer's Hair Vigor. It gives to all who use it such satisfaction. The hair becomes thicker, longer, softer, and more glossy. And you feel so secure in using such an old and reliable preparation.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. We sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

THE BEST ADVERTISING.

Experience Teaches the Great Value of the Home Newspaper as a Medium for Publicity.

No one merchant can take advantage of all the good advertising ways and means. It is necessary, then, to pick out the best at first. Then comes the question: What is the best?

The reply comes promptly: The local newspaper.

This is no empty claim. It has the experience of years behind it; it is an incontrovertible fact. Take any publication that is read thoroughly and regularly by a great number of intelligent and prosperous people, and it is sure to prove a superior advertising medium.

The home newspaper is just such a publication.

It reaches all the people in the home territory who want to buy and who can buy; it takes its good news right into the face and eyes of possible purchasers; and it covers a larger advertising field at less cost than any other form of publicity can possibly be made to do.

From an automobile to a book and eye there is nothing which cannot be advertised profitably in the home newspaper.

The local newspaper is on speaking terms with everybody in town. Every merchant must cater to wants of everyday people. If you have something that everyday people want, and can make them know that they want it, you are on the road to business success. There is no other way of sending the news out that is quite equal to an advertisement in the local paper.

If you advertise you must be ambitious—that is, if you advertise successfully. Advertising without ambition is usually a failure. The very determination to advertise is an evidence of ambition—a desire to increase and better your business. But there are advertisers without any real ambition and their work betrays it. It is done carelessly, slovenly, negligently. It seems to be run without aim or object, and without any thought as to its result. It is foolish to spend money in this way. Better not advertise at all than to advertise without any plan or purpose.

If some people were as eloquent in looking for a job as they are in kicking about their bad luck, they never would be out of profitable employment.

An old lady seeing an automobile for the first time, exclaimed: "Oh! the horse has broken loose, and the buggy is running away with the man and going to kill him."

Russia's Armies.

Russia has three different armies. In Europe her men are five years in the active army, thirteen in the reserve and five years in the second reserve. In Asia they are seven years in actual service and six in the reserve. In Caucasus they are only three in the active army and fifteen in the reserve.

Sun and Moon.

Children's views of many common phenomena are often very entertaining. A little girl five years old, asked what happened to the sun after it set, promptly replied: "It rolls itself up in a little ball, like a hedgehog. And that's the moon."—London Express.

Worms?

Many children are troubled with worms, and it is a source of much trouble. A few doses of True's Worm Elixir will expel them and restore the child to health. It is a safe and reliable remedy. Dr. J. C. TRUE & CO., Auburn, Me.

This is the Season for

GLASS JARS

We have a full line of

Mason Jars,

Lightning Jars,

Royal Jars.

Each in pints, quarts and two quarts. Also Rubbers for the same. Get them while they are in abundance and then you will have them when you need them.

Hastings Bros., Bethel, Maine.

This is the Time to Buy a

BICYCLE

If you wish to get one cheap. I have six or eight new and second-hand Wheels which I offer at very low prices, in order to close out what I have in stock.

One Niagara Ladies' Wheel, new, was \$20.00; now \$15.00

One Niagara Ladies' Wheel, been used a little, was \$20.00; now \$12.00

One Mars,—high-grade tires, was \$18.50, now \$13.50

Two Gents' Crowns. were \$25.00; now \$17.50

SUNDRIES AND REPAIRING.

EDWARD: KING,

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN,

BETHEL, - - - MAINE.

Siam's Sacred Elephants.

Few persons visit Bangkok without having a look at those parts of the royal palace open to the public. Here are situated the treasury, foreign office, department of the interior, royal library and the sacred white elephants. These last number four and can be seen by any one willing to pay a small amount of baksheesh to their keepers. They are rather a miserable looking lot of beasts, their mottled gray color reminding one of a highly leprous Chinaman, while, sad to say, they appear to the casual spectator to be only half dead. Each has a separate house to himself, where he remains chained all day to a gilded post. Formerly political offenders of noble rank were sentenced to cut grass for the sacred animals, but this custom has now been abolished.—Straits Budget.

Eating Mushrooms.

In the light of modern inquiry there seems to be no reason for believing that mushrooms possess any greater food value than other ordinary fresh vegetable foods, and in many respects they compare unfavorably with them, says the London Lancet. Still, the fresh, tender mushroom is undoubtedly easily digestible, as it contains carbohydrates, in addition to some dietic value. This value is not comparable with that possessed by essential foods such as meat, milk and eggs. The mushroom, however, contains an unusual proportion of potassium salts. Few will deny that the mushroom is an excellent adjunct to many dishes. It has an appetizing flavor, and this quality alone makes it dietetically valuable.

Some Nonsense.

"The bow of a ship," says a humorous handbook of nautical terms, "is not evidence of politeness. It reminds us of a line in 'Flotsam From the Isles'."

And the hands went up to the nose of the boat, displaying a lack of good taste, and first began to pull at her stays and then to scrub at her waist.

This, it may be remembered, occurred off the Isle of Rudeness, where—

A spit ran down to the bay, and a tongue of land projected in a most unmannerly way.

An Exchange of Courtesies.

"No, sub," said Mr. Erastus Pinkley; "I nebbber sold my vote to nobody." "But that candidate gave you \$2." "Yassir. I doesn't deny dat. He jes' come along an' gimme dat two, an' when a germanman comes along an' gives you \$2 foh nuffin' it ain't no mo' dan common reciprocity to vote foh him foh nuffin'."—Washington Star.

From Frying Pan to Fire.

A Loudonville man was dancing a quadrille when he heard his pants seams ripping, at which he rushed into a dressing room, where his wife—good soul—was soon busy with needle and thread, he having first divested himself from his leg covering. Presently he heard the rustle of skirts and realized that he was up against the horrible proposition of being discovered in the ladies' dressing room, which he had entered by mistake. Appealing to his wife again, the excellent creature shoved him through what she supposed to be a closet door and turned the key. "Let me back! Let me back!" he screamed as he began pounding on the door. "I'm in the bathroom!" And he was.—Ravenna (O.) Republican.

The Succession.

"Of course," said the bachelor thoughtfully, "there can be no such thing as joint rule in a family. Some one must be the head." "True; but the scepter passes from one to another." "How?" "Well, at the beginning of married life the husband holds it; then it gently, and unobtrusively passes to the wife, and he never gets it back again." "She keeps it forever?" "Oh, no; the baby gets it next."

Growing Suspicious.

"I wonder who it was that said politeness doesn't cost anything," said Farmer Cornutssel. "Don't you believe it?" "Well, I have my doubts. Whenever I go to town and some stranger is especially polite to me I always feel as if it was liable to cost me anywhere from \$1 to \$75, accordin' to how much I happen to have."—Washington Star.

Vanadium.

Vanadium does not melt in a heat of less than 2,000 degrees F., is not affected by any acid, and increasing, as it does, the ductility of copper, it is very valuable to the makers of electrical appliances, but the price being \$600 a pound, it is almost prohibitive.

A Slim Outlook.

"I think your papa, dear Rosa, has been making inquiries about me." "What has he told you?" "Nothing. But he offered me a cigar, and it was simply frightful!"—Filigendo Blatter.

The Same Old Hole.

Doorknob—What's the matter with you? Doorkey—I'm in a hole again.

RUMFORD FALLS.

Labor Day is to be celebrated in this city as it has never been before. The various labor unions have arranged an interesting program which includes various athletic contests, two speakers from out of town, and a grand ball at Cheney Opera House. A dancing pavilion will probably be erected to accommodate those who wish to dance during the day.

Miss Ethel and Mrs. Mabel Warhurst of Denver, Col., are in town the guests of F. F. Bartlett and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McGraw of Strathglass Park are entertaining at their home Miss Reardon, a popular school teacher of Haverhill, Mass.

Pete Grenier was robbed of \$120 sometime Saturday night, the 9th. Mr. Grenier had the money in his possession when he retired Saturday night and when he looked for it Sunday morning it was gone.

The K. of P. and I. O. O. F. excursion to Portland will occur next Thursday.

Burglars entered the freight office one night recently, by prying up a window; and then proceeded to blow open the safe which was not locked. Both doors of the safe were wrecked, and between three and five dollars taken.

Miss Ella Burditt has returned from a visit in Boston and vicinity.

John Longley and family have returned to their home in Millinocket after a short visit with F. P. Putnam.

Two Harris automatic presses and two color presses are being put into the printing department at the Continental paper bag mill.

Tom Paradise who was drowned recently in Kennebago stream, was buried at Rangeley. Mr. Paradise's body was recovered Saturday, Aug. 2.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. Aug. 22. 1y 25c.

NORWAY.

Mrs. Irving Downs of Jamaica Plains, Mass., is visiting her brother, James Hannaford.

Mrs. A. J. Stearns visited in Lovell while her husband attended muster at Augusta.

Mrs. F. E. Chase of Haverhill, Mass., has been visiting in town the past week.

E. F. Knight of Nashua, N. H., formerly of Gorham, N. H., was visiting in town last week.

Norway has one "dead shot" who did not attend muster last week; yet she "must o" thought some queer things after the deed was done. This person is Sophia Tufts who killed a skunk with a 38 Winchester at Della Noyes' camp Tuesday.

Helen Holmes is visiting Mrs. B. B. Lunt in Portland.

Lester Howe is home on a short vacation.

Lewis Hayes, aged 63 years, died at the town farm, Tuesday morning of last week from the effect of taking Paris green. He had lived at the farm many years.

Fernald D. Sawyer of Otisfield Gore, who went to the Philippine Islands as teacher for the government a year ago, returned home last week.

Mrs. Edward F. Pillow and son Don of Rochester, N. Y., have been visiting their aunt, Mrs. Charlotte R. Grant, and cousin, Mrs. James C. True.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Smiley were in the bathing party at Old Orchard, recently, of which three members were drowned.

A Cure for Cholera Infantum.

"Last May," says Mrs. Curtis Baker, of Bookwalter, Ohio, "an infant child of our neighbor's was suffering from cholera infantum. The doctor had given up all hopes of recovery. I took a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy to the house, telling them I felt sure it would do good if used according to directions. In two days' time the child had fully recovered, and is now, (nearly a year since) a vigorous, healthy girl. I have recommended this Remedy frequently and have never known it to fail in any single instance."

For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel; E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel.



SO WEARY.

Weary and worn out all the time. Back weak and lame and aching. Headache, Nervous, Restless, Excitable. The Kidneys are sick.

Doan's Kidney Pills

cure every symptom of Kidney Ills, from common backache to complicated urinary disorders.

Mrs. Mark Hyde, of 45 Thornley street, Pawtucket, R. I., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills have been used by both my husband and two daughters, and the relief obtained in every case was very satisfactory. My husband was bothered off and on for a long time with pains across his back, which at times became very severe. I saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised, and procured a box from W. L. Wood's drug store. He used them, and in a very short time was rid of the backache. I always keep Doan's Kidney Pills on hand, and would not be without them."

For sale by all druggists; 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Long Barton's Race.

Continued from page two.

He made some descents that equaled the famous race course, narrowly escaping trees and rocks, holding one arm about the bundle, patting it as he heard fitful cries. Again he was caught in an avalanche, reaching the bottom waist deep in snow, the baby almost buried. It was now daylight, and after digging his feet out he unrolled the bundle and, protecting it, gave the baby a ration of the milk, which had kept warm against his body. It looked wonderingly at him the while, and George, who knew very little about babies, made up his mind that it must be a very good natured one.

He did not realize how weary he was until he started up again. Then he found that his foot had been twisted and he was lame. The cold was increasing, the snow was finer and filled his eyes, and he felt that this was the beginning of the end. But on he pressed until the afternoon, when the baby cried, and he stopped to give it the remainder of the milk, looking at the little face with red and desperate eyes. On he went again, now running, now limping, plunging down the slopes until he began to experience a strange oppression, as though a band of iron was about his head. Then he seemed to be at home, and he tried to ask his mother to take the baby. He suddenly stopped, trembling, realizing that his mind was not clear, and dashed snow upon his forehead. Then he rushed on again like a madman.

How far he went no one knows to this day, but it had been many miles in the wrong direction, when, with a wild laugh, which frightened those who heard it, Long Barton unsling a bundle and plunged into a half buried wickup, from the top of which sparks were rising. The men reached for their firearms at sight of the gigantic and wild eyed figure, but the squaw, laying her papoose among the blankets, with unerring instinct caught the bundle from the hands of the falling man, and Jim Grayson's baby was saved. As for "Tanglefoot" Barton, one of the half breeds, who came in to the village from another wickup and who understood English, said he was clean off his head and thought he had won a race.—Charles F. Holden in New York Evening Post.

A YOUNG LADY'S LIFE SAVED.

At Panama, Colombia, by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

Dr. Chas. H. Utter, a prominent physician of Panama, Colombia, in a recent letter states: "Last March I had as a patient a young lady sixteen years of age, who had a very bad attack of dysentery. Everything I prescribed for her proved ineffectual and she was growing worse every hour. Her parents were sure that she would die. She had become so weak that she could not turn over in bed. What to do at this critical moment was a study for me, but I thought of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and as a last resort prescribed it. The most wonderful result was effected. Within eight hours she was feeling much better; inside of three days she was upon her feet and at the end of one week was entirely well."

For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel; E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel.

WILL NOT BE A "MIDWAY."

A Trip Around the World may Comprise the Amusement Features at the World's Fair.

World's Fair, St. Louis, Aug. 11.—In planning for the lighter amusement features at the World's Fair the original idea has been brought forward by the director of concessions, Mr. Norris B. Gregg, to arrange them in the order of a trip around the world. The attractions will be selected carefully and will be in each instance of the highest character that can be secured. The names "Around the World" and Tour de Monde, have been suggested. The scheme will furnish the life and entertainment of a trip around the globe. The visitor who makes Mr. Gregg's trip will have an experience as nearly like the actual journey as can be devised. From stepping on board an ocean liner to Home Sweet Home from a band stand on Art Hill, he will have mingled with the peoples of many countries, will have seen their native industries, will have partaken of their food, will have enjoyed their entertainments. In brief, Mr. Gregg's scheme will supplement the exhibits that go to make up a Universal Exposition and the architecture of all nations as exemplified in the foreign buildings.

Among the features of this Tour de Monde, Mr. Gregg has already taken into consideration the advisability of the coupon ticket by which at round trip rates the visitor can take this journey Around the World enjoying every part of it. Under this coupon ticket arrangement, part of the trip can be made in a day and other portions left for other days. If any one desires to emulate Phineas Fogg he can try record breaking on the Tour de Monde. It will hardly be possible, however, in view of the length of the trip as filled out by Mr. Gregg's varied attractions, to do it in eighty minutes.

Concessionaires to whom some information has been given of this plan of arrangement for concessions are delighted with it, and are devising their attractions so as to fit into it. The Committee on Concessions has given a number of sittings to the proposed Tour de Monde. The more the members of the Committee consider it, the more desirable the plan seems. There are already under consideration applications for concessions which nearly complete the Trip Around the World. Into this arrangement may be worked one of the terraced hillsides or a Swiss village which is said to have been the most interesting of all the concessions at Paris in 1900.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

In and Into.

Much confusion characterizes the use of these two prepositions. Storm-month gives the simplest and best rule concerning them which we have come across. He says: "Into comes after a verb denoting motion, and in follows a verb denoting rest." This gives the idea comprehensively, but it must not be taken literally. Thus it is entirely proper to say "He fell in the street." The person referred to may have been walking or standing still when he fell. He was, however, already in the street, and therefore when he fell he did not move into it. If, however, he was in a building or other structure facing the street and he fell, landing in the street, it would then be proper to say, "He fell into the street."

It is frequently an adverb, and in such cases it should be used after a verb denoting motion. For example, it is correct to say "He came in" of one who had been asked to enter a house. But if a preposition were to be used in this connection the phrase would be "He came into the house."

Those who will commit to memory the rule quoted will soon be sure of their ground when they have occasion to use in or into.

Constipation

Does your head ache? Pain back of your eyes? Bad taste in your mouth? It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation, headache, dyspepsia.

25c. All druggists.

WIT AND WISDOM.

"Have you fished long in this stream?" asked the traveler. "Eighteen year," was the calm response. "Get many bites?" was the next question. The fisherman scarcely turned his gaze from the rod in his hands. "Five year ago in this very spot I had a fine bite," he answered, hopefully.

No such thing as "summer complaint" where Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is kept handy. Nature's remedy for every looseness of the bowels.

The eleven-year-old son of a well-known humorist not long ago showed himself a promising successor to his father. He studied the papers to which his father contributed, says the New York Times, until he caught the trick. One day he brought his father a slip of paper.

"Papa," he said, "I did this in school. Is it a good joke?"

On the paper was a crudely outlined carriage, underneath which were written the words: "This carriage was drawn—by a horse."

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has a world wide reputation for its cures. It never fails and is pleasant and safe to take.

For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel; E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel.

HE KNEW.

"I wonder how the expression 'money to burn' originated?" "It is a relic of the days when tobacco was the circulating medium of the American colonies."

Croup instantly relieved. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Perfectly safe. Never fails. At any drug store.

A little girl of ten was asked by her teacher, "What is the difference between experiment and experience?" Her reply was "Well, experiment is trying something new, and experience is how you feel when you are trying it."

The best physic—Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Easy to take. Pleasant in effect.

For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel; E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel.

Minneapolis has had an output of 16,600,000 barrels of flour within the year and thus did its share toward making the world well-bred.

Eczema, scald head, hives, itchininess of the skin of any sort instantly relieved, permanently cured, Doan's Ointment. At any drug store.

Fame.—"Why do you think your town is entitled to distinction?" asked the tourist.

"Because, stranger," responded the native, "we barred out automobiles and refused a Carnegie library."

Burdock Blood Bitters gives a man a clear head, an active brain, a strong, vigorous body—makes him fit for the battle of life.

Jules Verne's opinion that newspapers are fast supplanting novels emphasizes the old saying that truth is stranger than fiction. The daily paper is the mirror held up to nature, and what strange things as well as commonplace things it reflects.

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold.

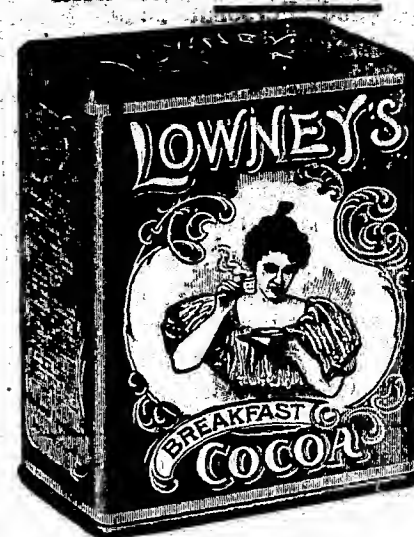
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, no Pay. Price 25 cents. 1y Aug 22

Quite a stew is being made over the friars.

The Music Teacher: "Johnny is improving daily in his violin playing."

Johnny's Mother (gratified): "Is that so? We didn't know whether he was improving or we were just getting more used to it."

The Most Delicious and the PUREST.



Unlike Any Other

Full Flavor, and contains only the nutritive and digestible properties of the choicest Cocoa Beans. No flour, starch, ground cocoa shells, alkalies, chemicals, or coloring matter are present in Lowney's. Sold by

C. A. LUCAS, - - - Bethel, Me.



Go to C. A. LUCAS' for your

GROCERIES, and rest assured that they will be fresh and nice. Fifty Kinds of KENNEDY'S CRACKERS AND COOKIES, CANNED GOODS, TEAS, COFFEES, in short, everything in the grocery line.

First-class Home Bakery

in connection, also

Ice Cream in its Season.

C. A. LUCAS, Bethel, Maine.

A LEADER

St. JOHNSBURY

CRACKERS have stood the test and are at the front. "They are it." You may find something cheaper, but nothing better. Don't fool away your time and money with inferior goods, but get the best. Once tried—never anything but the

St. Johnsbury Cracker on Your Table.

For Sale by Woodbury & Purington, Ira C. Jordan, Ceylon Rowe, D. C. Philbrook, Edwin C. Rowe, R. E. L. Farwell, C. A. Lucas, A. J. Haskell, West Bethel.

PIANOS : : AND ORGANS

The most complete stock of Pianos Organs, Stools, Scarfs and Instruction Books ever had. Ivers & Pond Behr Bros., Merrill, Estey and Prescott Pianos. . . . Estey, Carpenter, Packard and Wilcox & White Organs, all in stock. Illustrated catalogues of all these instruments sent upon application. Instruments sold on easy monthly terms.

W. J. WHEELER & Co.

Billings Block, SOUTH PARIS, ME.

Flour, Grain and Feed Are our Specialties.

WE HAVE A LARGE LINE OF

Groceries, Provisions, Lime

Plaster and Cement.

Woodbury & Purington.

A choice line of

Dry and Fancy Goods,

Choice Groceries, Boots and Shoes.

Agent for Butterick Patterns.

G. P. BEAN,

Cor. Church and Main Streets, BETHEL, MAINE.

THEY C

This is well expressive of the fact, with the fields at foot, rain, a summer la the weather, and it killed and it mair rough grasp at home, and Goughs that Day are much and growing the poor, the were pured by tern. For th of these Plas quer the com

THAT ARE

No other pla plication, can colds, backa kidney and l ana,—the Plasters like Plasters, like You can't thr Plaster. Eve this season. genuine. All postage on a United States Seabury &

R-I

The simplest nation, bilious ing from a disc is Rivers Tub wonders, and necessity of cal is that best, in the seat of the cleanse and cu the system a Centpacket is s The family is s for a year. Al

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AGEN

Life of T. De Son, REV. FR. and associate ald. Only bo family. Enol who act quic Write Immed S. 4th St., P paper.

MEN, not u old and new Position perm Pay weekly. GLEN BRO

We Will S Dolla

(\$1.10) in book (cash or stan seven pen sketches of V Victoria knigh similar artistic editor has sam NUTSHELL P 1069 Thi

SEND YOUR England Street, Boston, beautiful Nick particulars reg VOLUME 19 ENCYCLOPA which is now of this paper fo

The Curtis corner of Me Streets in Be a fine opport shrou of pur reasonable p

Wagon Pol for Carriages postory.

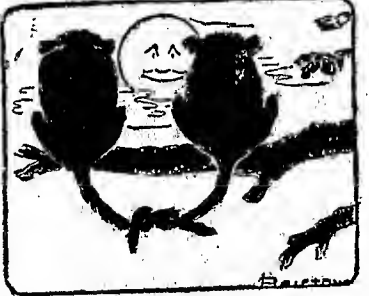
THEY CRUSH THE POWERS

This is written in mid-October. The long, oppressive summer is quite gone. Fading leaf, withering tree and the rustling corn in the fields are signs of the season. Fog, frost, rain, snow, they are coming. You remember last winter, of 1900 and 1901. The weather was cruel. Ah! the thousands it killed, and the hundreds of thousands it maimed and crippled. Oh, the rough grasp it laid on men at work, women at home, and children in cribs and cradles. Coughs that began before Thanksgiving Day are racking and tearing them still; yes, and growing worse as they dig deeper into the poor, tired throat and lungs. Many were cured by using Benson's Porous Plaster. For the soothing and healing power of these Plasters is wonderful. They conquer the complaints.

THAT ARE KILLING THE PEOPLE.

No other plaster, no other medicine or application, can compare with them. Coughs, colds, backache, rheumatism, lumbago, kidney and liver troubles, asthma, influenza, they all go down before Benson's Plaster. They have accomplished wonders, and their timely aid removes the necessity of calling a physician for many little ills that beset mankind. They go straight to the seat of the trouble, relieve the distress, cleanse and cure the affected parts, and give the system a general tonic up. The Five Cent Plaster is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 50 cents, contains a supply for a year. All druggists sell them.

RIPANS



The simplest remedy for indigestion, constipation, biliousness and the many ailments arising from a disordered stomach, liver or bowels is Ripans Tablets. They have accomplished wonders, and their timely aid removes the necessity of calling a physician for many little ills that beset mankind. They go straight to the seat of the trouble, relieve the distress, cleanse and cure the affected parts, and give the system a general tonic up. The family bottle, 50 cents, contains a supply for a year. All druggists sell them.

Painting AND PAPER HANGING.

I desire to state to the people of Bethel and vicinity that I am prepared to give prompt attention to Painting and Paper Hanging, and also that I have a nice line of

WALL PAPERS.

and will be pleased to take your orders for the same.

B. F. BARKER,

BETHEL, MAINE.

WANT COLUMN.

AGENTS WANTED

Life of T. Dewitt Talmage, by his Son, REV. FRANK DEWITT TALMAGE, and associate editors of Christian Herald. Only book endorsed by Talmage family. Enormous profit for agents who act quickly. Outfit ten cents. Write immediately CLARK & CO., 222 S. 4th St., Phila., Pa. Mention this paper.

MEN, not under 25 years, to call on old and new customers. No delivering. Position permanent to the right party. Pay weekly.

GLEN BROTHERS, Rochester, N.Y.

We Will Send the Value of One Dollar and Ten Cents

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Wagon Poles and Rubber Aprons for Carriages at J. C. Billings' Repository.

YOUNG PEOPLE.

Teddy's Lament.

"But one week more—I can't believe Vacation's passed so soon." And Teddy paused in blank dismay. Right in a merry tune.

"I'd planned to have a lot of fun, Vacation to enjoy, And now to find it almost gone—It's too hard on a boy."

"Of course I went a camping out 'Ten days on Bulrush Isle; Had lovely days and fairer nights; Not once it rained the while."

"I fished and went hunting, too, Took boat rides every day; How many lovely tramps I took, I'm sure I couldn't say."

"I spent two weeks on grandpa's farm, Ate berries ripe and red; I got the cows milked every night, And grandpa's chickens fed."

"I learned to milk the mooley-cow, Helped grandpa churn the cream, I slept real early every night, Rose at the dawn's first gleam."

"I celebrated, too, the Fourth, With glorious lot of noise, From crackers, caps, and other works, Just like the other boys."

"I went to socials and lawn fetes, To picnics in the parks, And now that horrid school board puts An end to all our larks."

"If I were boss that would not be, I'd change things round quite soon; I'd have school called at ten o'clock, And end before 'twas noon."

"I'd have vacation nine whole months, Have school the other three, With half a holiday each week, And all the Fridays free."

—Youth's Companion.

Joe, My Amazulu Boy.

When I first met this little coffee-colored chap of ten in his father's military kraal, I was afraid I would never be able to win his confidence; he was so shy, so wary of the approach of strangers, especially white ones. These strange children of Darkest Africa are so imbued with the fetich lore practiced in the jungles of their home that they are not quick to open arms and hearts and permit strangers to come into close contact with them. But once won their confidence, and you have a friend in time of peace, as well as a bold, brave, defender in time of trouble.

Joe was not to be won by gay beads, gaudy ribbons and trinkets of that sort; not even a little hand mirror had any attractions for him. He only rolled his hazel eyes and grinned, showing his pearl-white teeth, and laid the mirror down; then he picked up a bunch of assagias, sprang to his feet and hurled them one after another with such swiftness that the last one left his hand ere the first ceased quivering in the target at the other side of the kraal.

"What's the boy mean?" I asked of the father, a wise man and chief I had before met in Durban and at whose invitation I was present.

"He big warrior some day. No time for pretty things. Boy's grandfather, Chaka, much big man, great king. Boy proud; big blood in boy," puffed the old fellow between breaths, as he rolled from foot to foot to relieve the ponderous weight. He was a giant in stature and as large in proportion in every direction, but of a kindly disposition and fairly versed in the English language.

"Ah! Then you are the son of Chaka, the famous Amazulu chief-ain."

"No. Boy get that from mother."

"Which mother?" I asked glancing over the bevy of women. But the old fellow only shrugged his shoulders and laughed, as he turned to pet the little fellow at his side.

"You are very kind, Ompha, to ask me to visit your kraal. I have enjoyed my visit more than I can tell, but as you have plenty of other boys, why not let me have this one for a few years?"

The women seemed partly to understand my words, for they began to chatter and bob their heads to and fro. The boy, if he understood or not, only stood there with his eyes fastened upon my face. The father turned quickly toward me and said:

"You ask the best I got. I give you elephant, trained leopard, two—four, ten strong men to cut path before you, to carry you over, keep lions away and kill robbers. But Jo—Jo—"

"I go!" And the little fellow stepped away from his father's side and stood by me with folded arms and flashing eyes.

Catarrh

Is a constitutional disease. It originates in a scrofulous condition of the blood and depends on that condition. It often causes headache and dizziness, impairs the taste, smell and hearing, affects the vocal organs, disturbs the stomach, it is always radically and permanently cured by the blood-purifying, alterative and tonic action of

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This great medicine has wrought the most wonderful cures of all diseases depending on scrofula or the scrofulous habit.

Hood's Pills are the best cathartics.

Then the women began to wail and bob their heads more rapidly than before. A strange whirl-whir came from a small crowd of men. I glanced toward them. They were softly rattling the bunch of assagias each held. The old man lifted his hand, palm open, and the menacing sound ceased.

"Boy has said. He go with you. He never forget Chaka. Can't. In blood."

He covered his face and rolled away, and I never was able to get sight of the old chief again. He had parted with the best he owned. When Joe went with me the little fellow never seemed to show any signs of sorrow, only, when we began our journey, he turned as we reached the outskirts of the queer village of kraals, looked back once, only once, and then joined me.

Joe was quick to learn, kind of heart and as true as steel. Upon more than one occasion his native cleverness warded off danger from the attack of wild beasts of the jungle. He was wonderful in trekking, and the great depths of the African forests seemed to him like open books.

My mission in Africa was a pleasant and fascinating one. I was making a collection of moths, butterflies and beetles, gathering them as I went and sending them from various points to Natal. To Joe this was more play than work, and many of the finest specimens I owe to his keen eyes and quick fingers. The boy was with me eight years, and when he left, it was like parting from my own son.

We were seated one night with our moth flames at the edge of a forest with eyes fastened on the smeared screens. He leaped to the screen and plucked away from the sticky affair a bright scarlet prisoner and brought it to me.

"Good boy, Joe! That's the chap I've been looking after."

"Sh! stranger come," said he in a whisper, lifting his gun."

The sound of approaching footsteps fell upon my ears. Next a form came out of the darkness. It was a Zulu runner, slim and agile. His eyes were black as night, and great bands of black were painted around his coffee-colored form. Across his breast was traced, also in black, a cross. In his hand he carried a black assagai tipped with white feathers. He approached Joe and held out the assagai. The boy started as it touched his hand. He bent his head for an instant, and when he lifted it again it was no longer the face of my Joe. He was no longer a boy. The face was that of a man.

"The Big Chief is gone," fell from his lips. "I am no more your boy. I am the chief now."

"But we are at least hundreds of miles from your village."

"He has found me. I must go."

"When, Joe?"

"Now. Good-by."

He laid his hand in mine. I put my arm about him and held him to me—and then he went away, he and the runner, who had traveled all these miles to find the new chief. As I was situated but a few miles from a Boer town, I was not badly placed.

Afterward I learned that my Amazulu boy, Joe, was a power for good among his tribe, for I had taught him the story of Christ while he and I were alone in the African jungles hunting moths.—Christian World.

The Right Kind of a Boy.

The other morning we were in the midst of a three day's rain. The fire smoked, the dining room was chilly and when we assembled for breakfast papa looked rather grim and mamma tired, for the baby had been restless all night. Polly was plainly inclined to fretfulness and Bridget was undeniably cross when Jack came in with the breakfast rolls from the baker's. He had taken off his rubber coat and boots in the entry and he came in rosy and smiling.

"Here's the paper, father," he

said, with such a cheerful tone that his father's brow relaxed, and he said, "Ah, Jack, thank you," quite pleasantly.

His mother looked up at him, smiling, and he just touched her cheek gently as he passed.

"Top of the morning to you, Pollywog," he said to his little sister, and delivered the rolls to Bridget with a "Here you are, Bridget. Aren't you sorry you didn't go yourself this beautiful day?"

He gave the fire a poke and opened a damper. The smoke ceased, and presently the coals began to glow, and five minutes after Jack came in, we gathered around the table and were eating our oatmeal as cheerily as possible. This seems very simple in the telling, and Jack never knew he had done anything at all; but he had, in fact, changed the whole moral atmosphere of the room and had started a gloomy day pleasantly for five people.

"He is always so," said his mother, when I spoke to her about it afterward; "just so sunny and kind and ready all the time. I suppose there are more brilliant boys in the world than mine, but none with a kinder heart or sweeter temper, I am sure of that."—Our Dumb Animals.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Vanished Belgian.

What has become of the Belgian here? This is a question for which we have been seeking an answer, wondering if he winter-killed or died of mould or mildew during the late wet season. And now we find we are not alone in the search for a solution to the mysterious disappearance of the fortune-bringer. An exchange asks:

"What in the name of humanity has become of that wonderfully interesting little chap, possessed of more virtues to the square inch than all the rest of the animal kingdom combined, the Belgian here? Less than a year ago he was heralded far and wide as the benefactor of the universe. Statesmen knelt at his shrine; legislators considered his needs; associations were organized bearing his name; banquets and food shows were held in his honor; epicures smacked their lips at thought of him; invalids ate of him and were cured; sportsmen delighted to sing his praises; acres of valuable land were set apart for his benefit, and 'fortunes' awaited all 'who' were shrewd enough to start a Belgian here farm.

"To be sure, where has he gone to? He hopped into obscurity more suddenly than he hopped into notoriety. He promised, with the aid of a mate, to have 3,890,332 descendants in five years, to supply the world with flesh better than the tenderest chicken, to drive the fur of the seal and other out of the market, and to make a millionaire of every man wise enough to embark at once in the breeding business. Thousands of tons of hare meat were to be canned for home consumption and a million tons for export, while every appetite was to long for hare meat with a longing that nothing else can appease. But the little Belgian was a gay deceiver. His tempest was of the teapot variety. And so we weep above his neglected little grave and wish that he had stayed in business long enough to jar the best trust."

E. W. Goss

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

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You can paint a building with fewer gallons of Devco Lead and Zinc than with Mixed Paints, and it will wear twice as long as lead and oil mixed by hand. Sold by G. R. Wiley.

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FALL TERM Commences Monday, September 8, 1902.



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Manager; Vassalboro, F. O. Hackett, Manager.

Not the First Complaint.



Mrs. Chatterton—Bridget, I won't have a lot of policemen hanging around this kitchen! Bridget (blushing)—Yis'm. That's just what Officer Brannagan says, ma'am!—Brooklyn Eagle.

Never Singly.

"Ah, old man. I hear you've had an addition to your family."

"Yes, two."

"Not twins?"

"Oh, no—the baby and my wife's mother!"

—Town Topics.

Caught Him Foul.



"I know a man dat made a lot of money following the horses."

"What was he?"

"Bus driver, man. You's easy."—Chicago News.

The Rheumatic Fiends.

"I have been in the business for nine years," says a drug clerk quoted by the Philadelphia Record, "and up to date I have learned of 3,897 cures for rheumatism which regularly licensed physicians know nothing about—or, at least, if they do, they don't recommend them. People come in suffering from rheumatism—and it's queer that people who suffer from rheumatism all seem to look and act alike—and present a doctor's prescription."

"The first thing they want to know is how much it's going to cost. I look over the prescription and tell them, and then they invariably rear up on their hind legs and howl. They tell me about the virtues of something that cured Uncle Henry—goat's milk, drank at 3 o'clock every morning; a raw onion carried in the left hand hip pocket, a horsechestnut carried in the vest pocket, magnetic rings—oh, all sorts of things that I've made notes of. It has become so that I am discouraged over the chances of filling a prescription for a rheumatic patient."

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Bicycle Repairing, Fine Machine Work, a Specialty, W. BETHEL, ME.

PRESENTATION OF GIFTS.

Delivered by Everett D. Brown at the G. A. Commencement Exercises, 1902.

The person does not exist who is without some noticeable characteristic which distinguishes him from his fellows; and where these traits more likely to be discovered than in an assembly of students? In selecting these gifts I have sought for souvenirs which shall be of special significance to the recipients, but as the hobbies and fads of my classmates may be unknown to persons not connected with the school, it may require a test of the imagination on the part of some to perceive in all cases the application of the gift. I beg you, classmates, to receive these trifles with the same spirit in which I present them, that of respectful affection which comes from long and pleasant association.

Miss Russell:—I learn that you intend to become a teacher. You have always shown very good judgment as a scholar, and I hope you will remember when teaching "the young idea how to shoot" that although "children's heads are hollow," they should not be filled too fast or too full, lest they become swelled, for we all know that a "swelled head" is not a pleasant affair. Deal out Algebra and Literature in as small doses as possible and hesitate not to use this ruler whenever it may be of use. You will find it preferable to a shingle or even a slipper.

Mr. Carlson:—Because of your knowledge and good judgment you have always been considered the sage of the class, but your one failing is your inability, at times, to hold your temper in check. As it is now in my power I wish to help not censure you in this, so I present to you this bridle by which you will be able to restrain your angry passions with ease.

Miss Abbott:—You are especially fond of Algebra and although, as a class, we excel in that study we fully understand that it is not as easy as it might be. I have heard that a pony is a great help, in Greek and Latin, and perhaps there are certain students here who can vouch that this is true. Now if a pony is such a help in the classics why should there not be some similar aid for distracted mathematicians. I have made a careful study of the different breeds of horses, knowing that none except the very hardest could stand the labor and fatigue which the study of Algebra produces. I find that the toughest and surest footed species is the Iceland horse, accordingly I have purchased one which I trust will carry you safely over all the difficult places you will find in your career as a teacher.

Mr. Richardson:—I have noticed of late that you have acquired a great disposition for travel. Some time ago you were seen very frequently in Newry, (if we may rely on the Bethel News), since then you have made a prolonged stay in Andover. We are as yet ignorant of the causes of your wanderings, but we have suspected that you were canvassing for school-supplies or something of like nature. Not long ago you were heard inquiring whether Grafton is in New Hampshire. I presume you intend to visit that place on a business trip. I have thereon decided to present you with this map, and if you have not yet discovered the locality of Grafton, you may soon enlighten yourself on that point.

Mr. Tuell:—You have proven yourself a great honor to us this year, by the laudable way in which you have captained the baseball team. I can hardly praise you

DON'T WAIT.

If you knew how SCOTT'S EMULSION would build you up, increase your weight, strengthen your weak throat and lungs and put you in condition for next winter, you would begin to take it now.

Send for free sample, and try it. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409-415 Pearl Street, New York, 90c and \$1.00; all druggists.

work and that of your excellent team enough; you have won many victories that teams of larger schools would be proud to claim; sometimes when victory seemed the surest, our stalwart youths have gone down in base defeat. We know that this has been a great source of annoyance to you, and wishing to give you something you can always beat, I decided to present you with this drum.

Miss Wight:—You have always been very successful at school, you have always had your lessons well, and always been punctual, yet I must censure you on one point; you should be more careful of the feelings of others. Frequently, in different recitations, you have brought some of our mistakes to light in a way that would have injured our feelings had we possessed sensitive natures. As almost all people make mistakes, sometimes, I have decided to present you with a pair of smoked glasses, that you may see the errors of others less clearly in the future.

Miss Chapman:—I feel it my urgent duty to reprove you on one point, but I have decided that perhaps your fault is due not to willfulness but to forgetfulness. Our class has always prided itself on high rank in punctuality and regular attendance, but you have sometimes absented yourself from school when it seemed unnecessary. I believe you did this not for the sake of skipping school, but because you thought it was Saturday, therefore I present you with this calendar. I think the days of the week are plainly indicated upon it and if you consult it carefully every day you will avoid similar mistakes in the future.

Mr. Barker:—You have always shown yourself to be a person of discretion; lately I hear that you have made a resolve which in my opinion is very wise. If I have been rightly informed you have resolved always to remain a bachelor. Dwelling in a solitary state you will find that many little tasks will need be performed by yourself, one of which is sewing. I think you will find it no easy task to keep your clothes in repair. Now if there is one thing in which a man is unskillful it is threading a needle. I have here an invaluable little article which will save time, trouble and Shakespearean quotations, a needle threader, which must be of great value for it was purchased at the G. A. fair.

Miss Tuell:—People have no doubt noticed the great change in your personal appearance of late, and if they have not guessed the reason before they may be enlightened now as you appear in the role of class poetess. We, as a class, have always hoped that we had no such freak as a genuine poet or poetess among us; of course we hoped to have someone who would write our ode and there let it drop; but you have been seen with dishevelled locks and have shown so many other symptoms that I have no hope for you, but with this gift I beg leave to bestow on you my poor advice. We are told that poets are very careless about their personal appearance; now remember to use this comb as carefully as you did before you became a poetess and no

stranger will guess your vocation, also remember the time when you were a student of literature and if you expect students of the future to read your works, as you once read Milton and Browning, don't write anything that will seem to them more like an enigma than a poem.

Mr. Jerome Holmes:—Ladies and gentlemen—you now behold our class baby, and although I do not wish to boast I feel that I must say that I never saw such a precocious child. I know everyone thinks his baby better than any one else's but in this case it is really so. I have used more care in the selection of this gift than any other. Class babies of former years have been content with a rattle or rubber doll but our baby is different, he is of literary tastes, so I have chosen for him a literary work, the latest thing out, "A Modern A. B. C. Book" with full set of notes.

Mr. Watson:—Since we have known you, you have shown a great aptitude for music; truly the class of 1902 is noted for its musical talents, but somehow other people never seemed to appreciate it. You, however, excel the rest of us in that respect, and we shall probably hear of you sometime as a great director of music. I am told that people in your condition, (I won't say what it is,) amuse themselves and harass others by singing serenades. I have concluded your reason for not doing this was your lack of suitable music so I have purchased this collection for you; it is composed chiefly of serenades and love songs. No doubt in the future belated travellers on Church street will hear your voice rising and falling on the quiet midnight air.

Miss Andrews:—I hear that you intend to become a farmer's wife. I congratulate you on your good taste for we all have heard that "the farmer is a happy man" and I am sure that his wife enjoys the same happiness. You, no doubt, fully understand that the farmer's wife has many different labors to perform, with this in mind I present you with this churn, not to add to your labors, but to help you as it is warranted to be the best on market.

Miss Morse:—Since you have been a member of our class your standing in all studies and requirements has been of the very best. (This has been a great help to us, for as you are one of the older members of our class, we have looked to you for an example. I feel that you should be rewarded for your good conduct so I have chosen for you this Reward of Merit, which you can always keep as a reminder of the esteem in which you are held by your classmates.

Mr. Fenwick Holmes:—You have always been a great admirer of the fair sex, but your affections have always been loyal to the young ladies of the graduating class. As we must now be separated from one another, I fear you will sadly miss the pleasant companionship of our fair maidens. I have sought for something to console you in your solitude, until you become accustomed to the change and have finally decided to present you with a young lady whom you can call your very own, and whose likeness to a certain fair maid of the class of 1902 may be seen readily. With her ever by your side, I trust your future will be as happy as your past has been.

It has been a custom in former years, for the graduating class to make a parting gift to the Juniors. Now, I have decided that what you need most is some good advice, so I leave with you the following: First—Try to follow our example as far as possible. Second—Don't think you are all too smart for the rest of the school, for you will have all the conceit taken out of you before the end of the Senior year, and lastly, go into the Beginner's Algebra class the very first of next year and stay there until you graduate.

Republican Rally—Littlefield Coming.

Hon. Chas. E. Littlefield will speak at Odson Hall on the political issues of the day, Wednesday evening, August 20, at 7:45 o'clock. Bethel is greatly favored in having an opportunity to hear these issues discussed by one of the ablest and most prominent statesmen of the country. Let all men of all parties, and the women too, come and fill the hall to overflowing.

Per order
Republican Town Committee.

FARM GARDEN

HAYING ON A BIG SCALE.

Ranch Methods of Handling Alfalfa and Native Grass.

The methods of handling hay crops in the great basin region between southern Oregon and northern Nevada are certainly unique and in keeping with the extensiveness of all operations connected with stock raising in that part of the country. The many appliances used permit of handling the crop to the best advantage and with the least labor.

Probably the most rapid process of stacking or piling up the hay of any in



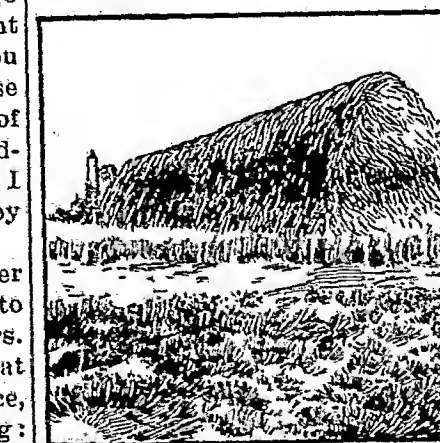
STACKING ALFALFA WITH A DERRICK.

actual operation on the ranches of eastern Oregon is that known as the "slide method," which is employed only on the largest ranches where native hay is the predominating crop. A "slide" consists essentially of a huge, strongly built inclined plane. The hay is brought up to the base of the plane usually by a four horse buck and deposited in a net to which is fastened a cable stretched over the top of the plane and the entire stack. The other end of the cable is attached to the fore truck of a wagon to which is hitched a four horse team. When the load has been drawn up and discharged in the proper place on the stack, a net is drawn back to the base of the plane again by a single horse, readjusted and reloaded. The four horse buck load will average about one ton of hay, and a load will be run on to the stack once in six to eight minutes when the machinery is in good working order.

Another method more extensively used than the "slide" differs from it only in the substitution of a derrick for the slide. The bucks and net are used in both cases, but their capacity is usually smaller than those operated by four horses instead of two.

Both of these processes are best adapted to the handling of native hay which is not much injured by rough treatment. The bucks are especially hard on alfalfa, one of the most difficult hay crops to cure and handle properly. With rough treatment, such as it is certain to receive when bucked to the stack, the friable leaves, the most valuable part of the plant, are almost certain to be largely broken off. To obviate this very decided objection many of the ranchers discard the bucks entirely in handling the alfalfa crop and haul the hay to the stack in wagons. It is then unloaded by means of a derrick or tripod arrangement and a fork. In this way the leaves are saved, and the most difficult part of the manual labor, the transfer of the hay from the load to the stack, is still accomplished by the use of machinery.

Another very decided disadvantage of the "slide" method results from the difficulty of making the stacks waterproof. When a ton of hay is dropped in one place on the stack and similar quantities are put up at such short intervals, the stacks do not usually work it over so as to make the mass of uniform density. The consequence is that there are places in the stack that are not well packed. When the hay settles, "holes" occur, allowing the



A GREAT STACK.

[375 feet long, 75 over and 25 feet across.] rainwater to drain into the stack. This would not be of so much importance if all of the crop were fed the year it is cut, but this is often not the case. Much hay is sometimes held over to be fed the subsequent year. It is needless to say that if not properly stacked it deteriorates very much in value.—D. Griffiths in Bulletin 15, Bureau of Plant Industry.

Cattle Ranches of Mexico.

The largest cattle ranches of Mexico are in the northern states—those bordering the United States, such as Sonora, Chihuahua and Coahuila—but cattle raising is an industry of no mean proportions in many other of the states of the republic. These ranches are there called haciendas, and many of them contain many hundreds of square miles. It is not uncommon to find upon them as many as 20,000 head of cattle. It is stated upon good authority that one wealthy Mexican brands from 30,000 to 40,000 calves annually on his haciendas.

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In this town where you can find the new and highly superior Corona Dress Shields. These shields are made of a newly discovered material which utterly removes all the former objections to dress shields. They should be used on all your gowns.

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Are you particular about your Negligee Shirts? Most men are. We are ourselves. It's the particular man we like to see, because such a man will appreciate our efforts in getting together such a collection. We want you to see our shirts, for they are just a little better value than we have ever seen together, better fabrics, better patterns, better made. We can't properly describe them here, but will take pleasure in showing them to you. 50 cents to \$1.50 All prices between.

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The social game of England has many enthusiastic players here. We offer for sale a carefully selected stock from the most popular makers of Ping-Pong Sets.

Reliable Sets with 4 Balls and 2 Bats, \$1.50. Kensington Sets with 6 Balls and 2 Bats, \$2.00. Orange Burnt Sets with 4 Balls and 2 Bats, \$2.50. (Jaques Model) 1/2 Volley, 6 Balls and 2 Bats, \$3.00. Corrugated (Real Match), 6 Balls and 2 Bats, \$3.50. Cork Sets (Real Match) 6 Balls and 2 Bats, \$4.75. Sandsted Sets (Real Match) 6 Balls and 2 Bats, \$4.00. Walcott Sets, All Leather, Match, 6 Balls and 2 Bats, \$5.50. Double Walcott Special Match, 6 Balls and 2 Bats, \$7.50. These also may be used for playing "TABLE TENNIS." We have also extra Balls, Nets, Bats, also the celebrated Match English Balls, weighed and gauged.

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